

# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$3.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, by Frank Tousey.*

No. 90.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 12, 1900.

Price 5 Cents.

## THE BRADYS AND THE MAD DOCTOR; OR THE HAUNTED MILL IN THE MARSH. BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.



"I'll hypnotize you!" exclaimed the doctor. He glared at Young King Brady, and made several mysterious passes with his hands. Old King Brady watched the proceedings with interest. It was very evident to the detectives that the old physician was a madman.

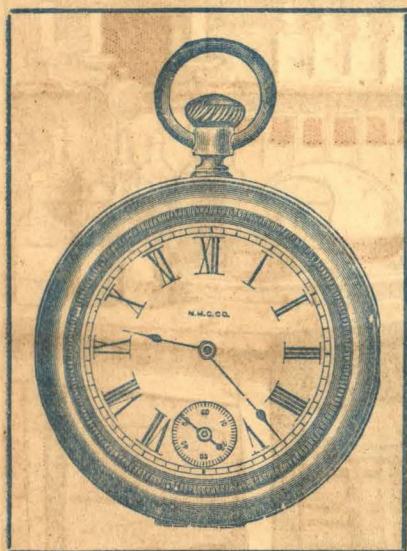


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NEW YORK, October 12, 1900.

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## The Bradys and the Mad Doctor;

OR,

## The Haunted Mill in the Marsh.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A DESPERATE DEED.

On a dark, rainy night in March, the ship Sally McCoy was straining at her hawsers alongside of her pier in the East river.

There was a bright light in the captain's cabin aft, and two men occupied the room, while upon the table, at which which they sat, stood a small iron-bound brass box.

The tall, thin man with a bushy gray beard was Captain Jim Rackstraw, and the short, thickset fellow, with the light mustache, was Hans Olsen, his mate.

A bottle of Holland gin stood between them, and as both had been drinking heavily, they were partially intoxicated.

"That 'ere box is full o' diamonds, Hans," the captain was saying, in a burst of confidence. "It's wuth nigh half a million dollars."

"Und you vos smuggle id in?" asked the mate, with a grin.

"Ay, ay, lad; that's what I did."

"How yer got id bast der Gustom House officers?"

"D' yer see this leetle hidden locker in ther wainscotin' o' ther wall?"

"Py shiminey, nopody vould know dot vos dere."

"Waal, I kep' it hid in thar till jist now."

"How you habben ter haf dot box, gaptain?"

"When our craft wuz in Rio, a dark-skinned little Brazilian brung it aboard, and gave me a hundred dollars ter fetch it ter New York. All as he axed wuz fer me ter keep it out o' ther hands o' ther boardin' officers.

He ses a man would come aboard with a note fer ther box, an' all I need do wuz ter give it to him. That would end ther matter."

"Und he ditn'd come yet for id?"

"No. We've been in port three days now, an' no one has come ter claim it."

"How you know dot de box vos full mit diamonts?"

"'Cause ther Brazilian who gave it to me said so."

"Dunder! He must drust you."

As Hans said this, he idly scratched his initials on the box with the sharp point of a big jack-knife, with which he was cutting his nails.

The captain chuckled, and was upon the point of replying when his roving glance chanced to rest upon one of the stern deadlights for an instant.

Framed in by the big circular opening was a man's face.

A more demoniacal countenance would be hard to conceive.

The yellow features were narrow, the nose long and sharp, a pair of deep-set, fiery black eyes glared from beneath a pair of dark, arched eyebrows, and a long black mustache and imperial hung from the lower part of the face.

Captain Rackstraw turned pale.

A cold sweat burst out all over him, for he realized that the silent, mysterious owner of that safanic head had heard and seen all that was said and done in the cabin.

The nervous shock nearly sobered him.

Grasping the mate's wrist with one hand, and pointing a trembling finger at the open deadlight, the captain cried hoarsely:



"Hans! Hans! See thar! What is that—the devil?"

Startled by what Rackstraw said, the mate bounded to his feet, and stared at the circular opening.

But the face had vanished.

Only the dark pall of night showed in the window.

Olsen rushed to the deadlight, and thrusting his head through, he stared around.

Below the gloomy water was lapping around the rudder of the ship, torrents of rain were falling from the murky sky, to the right stood the deserted pier, and not a thing was shown in the slip on the port side.

The Dane withdrew his head and uttered a short, dry laugh.

"Nopody in sight," he muttered. "Dem shnapps must haf gone to your het, gaptain. You vos gettin' trunk, und dink you seen ghosts."

Rackstraw sat down, a solemn look on his rugged face, and wiping the beads of perspiration from his forehead on a blue bandana handkerchief, he said slowly:

"Ay, now, Hans. P'raps it wuz imagination. Mebbe ther liquor's gone ter my figger-head. But blast me if it wuzn't jist like a man's face lookin' in thar at us. Lordy, but I'm unnerved. Let's have another drink, messmate!"

And to steady his nerves, he poured out a liberal potation and tossed it off.

This was hardly done, when there suddenly sounded a scampering of feet on deck, there came a wild yell from the man on watch, and then a pistol shot.

"River thieves!" yelled the watch. "All hands aloft!"

Bang! Bang! went two more pistol shots, and Olsen rushed up the companionway, and disappeared on deck.

Captain Rackstraw, startled by the noise, rushed over to his locker to get his pistols, when a door in the bulkhead flew open and a man dashed in.

He was a tall, thin person, clad in a long, black cloak, and a black felt hat, which barely concealed the sardonic cast of his dark features.

Drenched with rain, the water was running from his garments, and trickling from the long locks of black hair that hung down his neck.

There was a dagger clutched in his hand.

The captain heard his quick, cat-like footstep, and wheeling around he confronted the stranger and gave a deep cry of alarm.

It was the same demoniacal face the captain had seen in the window.

"Rascal!" he shouted, rushing at the man, and seizing him. "What do you want here?"

"Silence! Leave me go!" hissed the other, furiously.

"No! You must be one o' them thieves!"

"Unless you release me, I'll stab you."

"Help! Help!" yelled the captain, struggling with him savagely.

A low, angry cry escaped the stranger.

His bony hand shot forward, clutching the captain by the throat, and pushing Rackstraw's head back, he aimed a blow at his breast with the knife.

The long, keen blade sunk in the old sailor's body.

A hoarse cry of agony escaped him, he reeled back and fell heavily to the floor, where he rolled over on his back.

The dark stranger glared at him a moment with tigerish expression in his burning eyes, and muttered:

"Fool! You have only yourself to blame for this!"

Then he turned away, listened, and glared around the cabin.

He heard someone running toward the door, and as his glance fell upon the iron box on the table, he darted over it, and picked it up.

"It's mine, now!" he chuckled.

The footsteps outside were dangerously near now, and he put out the light, clambered out the window, and disappeared.

Below, under the overhanging stern, a skiff was rocking in the water, and he dropped into it, beside two men, and hissed in quick, nervous tones:

"Go! Go fast!"

"They'll see us, and fire again!" growled one of the men.

"No! This gloom will hide our movements. We can stay here!"

Muffling the oars, the two men rowed silently away.

But the swiftly gliding boat had not gone far when the light of a bull's-eye lantern shot down from the deck upon them.

"Old King Brady!" shouted the youth who held the lantern. "There they go! This way, quick, or they'll escape us."

A tall, muscular, white-haired old man in a tightly buttoned blue frock coat, standing collar and a wide brimmed white felt hat, had gone down in the cabin, in answer to the captain's cries for help, and now came running out on deck again.

"The captain has been murdered!" he shouted excitedly.

"Then it was done by the man with the devilish face, who just came through that stern window, and dropped down in the boat. He had an iron box in his hands," exclaimed the youth with the lantern.

"Vos you mens officers?" demanded Hans, running over to them, as the rest of the crew came tumbling up from the fore-castle companion way.

"We are Old and Young King Brady, the Secret Service detectives," explained the old man. "We were on the look out for river thieves, and saw these fellows stealing some ropes from your craft, and alarmed the man on watch."

The mate glanced at the youth with the lantern.

He was Harry Brady, the old detective's pupil and partner, and was attired somewhat similar to his companion.

The boy was a handsome, dashing fellow, about twenty years of age, and bore no relationship to his partner despite the fact that their names were alike. Working together they had become the most famous detectives on the frontier from the time that Old King Brady first casually met the boy, took an interest in him, and started to teach him the branches of the profession.

The Bradys were feared by all the crooks in the country. Being a seafaring man, the mate knew nothing about



them. But it sufficed for him to know they were officers of the law, and he exclaimed:

"Mein Gott! Dit dem fellers killed de old man?"

"He lies stabbed to the heart, upon the floor, in his cabin," said Old King Brady.

"Und you say dot teef vos got dot iron-bound box?" demanded Hans excitedly.

"Yes," replied Harry. "What was in it?"

"It's full mit diamonds vot Captain Rackstraw vos smuggled up from Prazil for somepody," said Hans. "Dot feller mit de face like der tuyfel hear de gaptain tell me apoud it yust now, und he kill poor Rackshaw so he could rob him of dot box."

The Bradys glanced significantly at each other, and the old detective took a chew of plug tobacco, and exclaimed:

"Come on. We must run them down, recover the treasure, and bring that murderer to justice for killing the captain."

They rushed from the ship.

On the other side of the pier they had a skiff moored to one of the piles.

To get aboard was but the work of a moment, and as each one grasped a pair of oars and pulled out on the river, Harry remarked:

"We've got a clean case ahead of us, and if we can run down that villain, nothing can save him from the electric chair!"

"Better capture him first," growled Old King Brady. "Pull away, Harry, pull away. They've got a big lead on us, but the moon is trying to get from behind those cloud banks, and we may be able to locate them after awhile."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE HAUNTED MILL ON THE MARSH.

"There they go, Old King Brady!"

"By thunder, they're heading for that old mill on the marsh."

The detectives stopped rowing, and glanced up the Harlem river, into which they had turned at Bronx Kills, a short time before.

A man in a row-boat had seen the fugitives pass, and directed the officers, when they asked him if he had seen the three men in the skiff.

Then a passing tug gave them a lift, and they finally were given some light when the rain stopped, and the moon burst out.

When they caught view of the river-thieves ahead, they cast off the tow-line, and resorted to their oars again.

Off to the right, there was a tract of marsh-land, and in the midst of it stood an old deserted mill, which had long ago fallen to decay.

The fugitives had turned their boat up a narrow creek, and were pulling toward the ancient structure, when they caught view of the Bradys.

Filled with alarm, they rowed furiously to escape.

"Go for them!" gasped Harry Brady, as he seized the oars, and began to pull away. "They can't very well escape us now."

"We seem to have them cornered," admitted Old King Brady.

They rowed with all their strength.

The skiff was light and narrow, and it fairly leaped over the water.

But the fugitives reached a small float, near the mill, and leaping ashore, they ran up a wooden footpath, and plunged through an open doorway into the dilapidated old building.

A few minutes afterwards, the detectives landed, secured the boat, went ashore, and drew their pistols.

"We'll follow them in!" announced the old man-hunter decisively.

"It's as dark as pitch in there," replied Harry. "Got you lantern?"

"Yes, and my revolver as well."

He lit the lamp, and as Young King Brady already had his light in one hand and a pistol in the other, they went up to the door.

Flashing their lights inside, they beheld a big room, the floor of which was broken in places, showing the swampy ground beneath.

Not a pane of glass was left in the windows, rain water dripped down from the broken roof, and the moonlight streaked across the room through the chinks and crevices in the shrunken walls.

A mass of rusted, broken machinery lay in a corner.

There were some battered-down partitions dividing that floor into several compartments, and cob-webs, dust, and rubbish covered everything.

"They ain't in this room," remarked Harry, after a keen survey.

"I'll guard the door," replied his companion. "Search the rubbish."

The young detective moved swiftly about the gloomy room, examining every nook and corner, with the greatest care.

His efforts were not rewarded.

Finally he joined his partner and asked:

"Could they have gone out the back door and cut across the marsh?"

"No. I've watched out. There's a wagon road at the rear, but if they had gone that way, I would surely have seen them."

"I'll look in those rooms now."

As the boy spoke, he disappeared through the doorway.

The first room was empty, the second had two huge mill-stones in it, and the last room contained some broken barrels and boxes.

When Harry finished searching them, he failed to find any trace of the men.

Old King Brady now joined him, and the boy said in puzzled tones:

"I'm mystified. They ain't here."



"I don't see where they could have gone to so mysteriously," remarked Old King Brady, who was very much astonished at the result of his hunt. "They certainly could not have melted into thin air and blown away."

"There's something uncanny about it," muttered Harry. "There isn't a hole or hiding place big enough to hold a mouse which I have not searched, and yet I can't find the faintest trace of them."

"To make assurance doubly sure, you mount guard and I'll search," said Old King Brady restlessly. "I am not satisfied. There's something unnatural about the suddenness of their disappearance. An explanation of everything in this world ought to be found, and I'm sure there's one to this queer case. Those villains entered this old mill, and didn't leave it. I could swear to that. Therefore, they must be here yet. They've got a most cunningly contrived hiding place, but I'm determined to find it."

And with this avowal, he started off.

He went over all the ground Harry had covered, sounded the walls to see if they contained secret passages, went out and examined the roof, and finally got under the house, but found it built on piles.

The men he hunted for were not found.

Old King Brady was completely perplexed.

When he returned to Harry in the main room, he had a look of deep chagrin upon his smooth-shaven face, and remarked:

"I'm beaten!"

"No success, eh?"

The old detective shook his head.

"Not a bit, Harry."

"Got any theory about it?"

"None whatever. I'm rattled."

"Let's remain here and watch. They may reappear."

"I doubt it. Still, I don't mind trying the experiment."

They sat down upon a fallen beam, side by side, stood their lanterns on the floor beside them, and reflected.

Finally, Harry asked:

"What did you find in the cabin of the Sally McCoy?"

"Captain Rackstraw lay on his back on the floor with a dagger buried in his breast. He was dead. It looked as if he had had a slight struggle with the river thief who killed him. Evidently the captain, alarmed by the attack of the thieves, was in the act of getting his pistols from the locker, when that man entered and stabbed him."

"Did one blow do the business?"

"Yes. The villain took the smuggled box of diamonds."

"Well, I got a good look at the villain's face," said Harry, "and it was such a fiendish countenance, I'll never forget it."

"Those three rascals must be the authors of all the robberies along the river front, recently reported to our office, which impelled our chief to send us out to try and run down the guilty parties, Harry."

"I have no doubt about it, Old King Brady."

"But now we've got the scoundrels run to cover, we can't seem to find them," growled the old detective.

"If we don't find them here to-night, we may later on."

"Very true. But I hate to admit defeat just now."

"It's only for awhile, you know."

Old King Brady nodded and reflected again.

After awhile, he remarked:

"We ought to go back to the Sally McCoy, and get more details about that crime to-night, while the deed is fresh in everybody's mind. Moreover, the criminal may have left behind some clew whereby we could establish his identity. It seems useless to remain here."

"Suppose we go back, then," said Harry.

"Very well. We can keep this place shadowed after to-night, and if those fellows show up, it will be easy to pounce on them."

They arose, intending to go out.

But as they approached the door it, to their astonishment, banged shut, and they found that they could not open it.

"Queer," muttered Old King Brady. "There is no wind."

"I can't even force it open," said Harry.

"Then let's step out one of the broken windows."

They acted upon this suggestion, but no sooner had they made an attempt to step out, when there suddenly came a terrific gust of flame, which flared across the opening with a loud, hissing sound. The strange fire seemed to gush out from all sides of the window frame, and the startled detectives recoiled, uttering cries of amazement.

"What in thunder is that?" gasped Old King Brady.

"Good gracious! See there!" replied Harry excitedly.

The flames had suddenly vanished, leaving the place in gloom, and the boy grasped his friend's arm and pointed over in a dark corner.

A man's figure, bathed in a pale, ghastly light suddenly appeared there, and uttering a weird shout of maniacal laughter, he raised a gleaming knife, drew the edge across his neck, and to all appearances, cut his throat.

A blood-curdling shriek followed.

With the awful cry still ringing in their ears, the Bradys rushed frantically toward the ghostly object, with hands outstretched.

But just as they arrived within a few feet of it, the object vanished as suddenly and mysteriously as it made its appearance, and the two detectives plunged on in the gloom and struck the wall a violent blow.

There was an appalling crash.

A beam fell down on them, and struck Old King Brady on the head, knocking him stiff and senseless upon the floor.

Harry was hit on the neck, and in falling to the floor struck his skull almost hard enough to crack it open.

It was over an hour afterward when the detectives recovered their senses, and recalled to mind what had happened.

And then, to their amazement, instead of being in the old mill on the marsh, they found themselves lying on Harlow Bridge, and a policeman bending over them saying roughly:

"Come now, get up out av that ye dhrunken spalpeen or, bedad, I'll pull yez in."



## CHAPTER III.

## THE MYSTERIOUS IRON BOX.

Young King Brady recovered his faculties about the same time his partner revived, and as they got upon their feet, and stared around in bewilderment, the policeman shook them and roared impatiently:

"Can't yez navigate? Sure I'll sind fer ther hurry-up wagon, if youse dopy guys don't be afther makin' thracks off av this bridge."

In a vague, hazy way Old King Brady understood him, and gasped:

"So, go easy there. Do you see this, you big chump?"

And he displayed his badge to the patrolman.

It gave the officer quite a shock, and he recoiled greatly confused.

"I beg yer pardon," he faltered. "Floy cops, be's yez? Faith, I didn't know it. It's a pair av dhrunks I took yez fer, an——"

"That will do. You may go," said Old King Brady, with dignity.

"No offinse, I hope, sor?"

"None at all. Clear out."

The policeman walked away with a crestfallen air.

When the detectives were alone, Harry demanded in bewildered tones:

"How did we get here?"

"Somebody must have carried us here while we were senseless."

"The ghosts that haunt the mill?"

"Ghosts? Well, the—whoever or whatever they were who created all those strange happenings. Men—ghosts—devils—I don't know what."

"It's the strangest thing that ever happened to me, Old King Brady."

"And to me, too."

"Can you explain the mill door closing and locking itself in our faces, the peculiar fire filling the window frame, and the weird figure of the man emerging from the gloom to commit suicide before our eyes?"

"I won't attempt to, until I've examined into the queer effects further," replied the old detective gruffly. "But I do know a beam fell on my head and knocked me senseless, and I presume the same material object is responsible for your having been unconscious too."

"Yes, I know that much, for I distinctly felt it," said Harry grimly. "I see you've got a bump on you head, and I know my neck it bruised and skinned in the most painful manner."

"Let's ask the bridge tender if he saw anyone bring us here."

They saw the man in uniform at the end of the structure, and going over to him, Old King Brady asked bluntly:

"Did you see anybody carry us up on this bridge?"

"I didn't," replied the man, surprised at the question.

"Sure?"

"Positive! why?"

"Oh, that don't signify."

And the detectives walked away.

Boarding a car, they rode down to 99th street, and walked over to the neighborhood of the College Point ferry where the Sally McCoy lay.

Going aboard, they met Hans Olsen.

In answer to their questions, he gave them a detailed account of all that occurred prior to the appearance of the river thieves.

Then he led them down into the cabin.

A policeman was in charge.

He recognized the pair, greeted them respectfully, and they entered the room and made a very careful examination of everything.

Not a clew was found except the dagger buried in poor Rackstraw's body.

It proved to be an ordinary bowie-knife, such as could be procured at any cutlery store, and had no special marks to distinguish it.

When the Bradys finished their task, Harry said quietly:

"We'll have to depend entirely upon my view of the criminal."

"Just so," assented Old King Brady. "This knife is the only clew, and it's a poor one, for there are thousands of similar ones to be bought anywhere. It won't be of any value to us, whatever. We know who killed him, and we know the motive was desperation or robbery. That's enough."

"Has the coroner been notified?" Young King Brady asked the policeman.

"Yes, sir; I telephoned to him myself."

"Vell," asked Hans, when they got up on deck again.

"Vos you catch dem teefs vot you vent after?"

"They gave us the slip," replied Harry evasively.

"But you don't would let dem go mitoud punishmends?"

"No, indeed. We are going to run them down, and avenge the captain."

The assurance seemed to please the mate immensely.

A smile of satisfaction crossed his face, and he said emotionally:

"Und I hope you caught dem. I vos a poor man, but I gif you mine wages for six mont' if you put dot ratscal by de chail."

The Bradys assured him that they required no reward as an incentive, and finally took their departure.

Proceeding straight to Secret Service headquarters, they found their chief at his desk, smoking a cigar.

He greeted them warmly for they were his favorites.

"To-night," he remarked, "I received a telephone message from the police that you had fallen upon a murder case on a ship in Harlem."

"Yes, sir, we've come to report the details," replied Old King Brady.

"Proceed. I'm curious about the matter."

The old detective told him all that happened as concisely as possible, and finally said in conclusion:

"Now that we know where the murderer is hidden, we



intend to shadow the old mill on the marsh, and try to capture him and his pals."

"That was a queer experience you had there," laughed the chief.

"It's the result of trickery of some kind," responded Old King Brady.

"Then you don't believe it's a ghostly demonstration?"

"No. We ain't superstitious."

"I know all about that old mill. It's got the reputation of being haunted," said the chief.

"Haunted? By whom?"

"Spirits of the dead."

"Nonsense."

"That's what the people say."

"I presume there's a ghost story attached to it?"

"Yes. Fifty years ago, it was a grist-mill. The old miller was a miser. One night he committed suicide by cutting his throat. Since then his ghost haunted the property. Vandals stripped it of everything of value, and the ravages of time are decaying the old building. Superstitious people who have occasion to pass the place at night, declare it's haunted by the ghost of the old miller. I've heard them declare they've heard groans and shrieks coming from the old building. In the midst of these weird sounds, the fiery ghost of the old miller appears in the main room and goes through the performance of committing suicide, every night."

"After so may suicides, he ought to finally kill himself forever," laughed the detective with grim humor.

"Well, if the simple country people see these strange scenes, and believe in them, how can you deny what you saw to-night?"

"I ain't denying anything," protested Old King Brady, "excepting that I don't attach any unnatural agency to what we saw."

"Then you are sure it was done by live human beings?"

"Of course. How, I don't know. Haven't seen enough of the odd manifestation yet to pass an opinion as to how it was done. But, you can bet that I'll know all about it before I am done with the matter."

The chief nodded and smiled encouragingly.

He admired the old detective's grit, and said warmly:

"Then you mean to follow up this case?"

"Yes, if we have your consent."

"Nothing will suit me better."

"Very well. In a short time we shall have the mystery solved."

Soon afterward the Bradys went down to their lodgings, stripped off their wet clothing, bathed and went to bed.

On the following morning the newspapers contained thrilling accounts of the murder of Captain Rackstraw, and assured the public that the criminal would not long remain unpunished, as the celebrated Bradys were on his trail and would bring him to account.

In the meantime, the detectives had not been idle.

After breakfast they started down town in a Third avenue car, and had their attention attracted toward a man

who sat in a corner, by the peculiar actions of the individual.

He was a tall, thin old fellow, clad in a shabby suit of black, a soiled shirt, with a high collar and black cravat, and had a short, white beard and snowy hair that fell upon his shoulders.

His big, staring eyes had a singular gleam in them, he kept mumbling to himself and he tightly clasped a square package in his hands.

When the car struck the cross tracks at 14th street, the old fellow lost his grip on his bundle and it fell heavily to the floor.

Indeed, so heavyy was it that the wrapping paper burst open and fell off, showing the contents to be a small, iron-bound box.

It was a box of such peculiar pattern, that it seemed unlikely there was another one exactly like it anywhere.

As Harry's glance fell upon it, he with difficulty suppressed an exclamation of astonishment, when he saw the old man hastily stoop over, snatch it up and wrap the paper around it again.

"Old King Brady!" whispered the boy excitedly. "Did you see that box?"

"I did. And a peculiar one it was," replied the old detective.

"Do you know what it was?"

"No."

"It was the box of diamonds for which Captain Rackstraw was murdered last night. I know it, for I saw the murderer carrying it away!"

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE BRADYS AND THE MAD DOCTOR.

To say that Old King Brady was astonished but mildly expresses the feelings of the detective when he heard what his partner said.

He glanced at the boy and then at the mumbling old man in the corner, and finally he asked in a whisper:

"Wasn't you deceived by a fancied resemblance?"

"No, indeed," replied the boy, shaking his head. "When the murderer of poor Captain Rackstraw was in the light of my bull's-eye lantern, I had a good view of the smuggled box. It was of such a singular pattern that I could not fail to pay great attention to it. I would know it again among a thousand. It was made of brass, with iron straps, and was about eighteen inches long, a foot wide and six inches deep."

"That description fits the box that old fellow is clutching."

"Exactly. It's fastened with a hasp and has a handle on the lid. I tell you, Old King Brady, that's the box stolen from the Sally McCoy by the villain who murdered the captain."



"But the crazy old fool mumbling in the corner don't look like any of the gang we chased in the row-boat."

"He may be an accomplice of theirs."

"Such a thing is possible, but not probable. This old chap has a kindly face, but a daffy eye. He looks like a minister in tough luck—not like that demoniacal individual who stabbed Rackstraw, nor like his two burly friends with the ruffian faces."

"Well, I'm going to shadow that man."

"What for?"

"To find out who he is."

"I can't see the sense of doing that, just for a fancied resemblance——"

"Fancied be hanged!" exclaimed Harry in low, impatient tones. "I tell you it's the same box and that's an end to it."

Old King Brady smiled, and his keen eyes twinkled.

"Don't get huffy," he exclaimed, quietly. "I was only trying you to see if you deceived yourself, Harry. I'm convinced now by what you say that it is the same box you saw last night, as you are so positive. And I'm perfectly willing to investigate the old chap as you suggested."

"He's going to get off the car here at Cooper Union."

"Follow him without being seen."

As the car paused, the old man alighted and they followed him and hid themselves behind a newsstand under the elevated railroad station. Watching him closely, they saw him glance around, and then turn abruptly into 9th street and go down to Stuyvesant Place.

Near 10th street he paused before a little old-fashioned house, the door plate of which bore the inscription:

#### DR. ISAAC HOPPER.

Taking a latch-key from his pocket, he ascended a small flight of stairs, opened the door, and passed into the house.

The Bradys were after him like a shot.

Upon reaching the house, they saw a queer looking sign in the window, at the top of which were some strange cabalistic figures, while below, in plain letters was this wording:

Psycho-Hypnotist and Trance-Clairvoyant.

DOCTOR ISAAC HOPPER,

Astrologist, Palmist, and Occult Chemist,

Tells your past, reveals your future, and gives advice on: Business speculations, marriage, lawsuits, mortgages and patents. Buried treasure, old estates, mines and lost friends located. Terms moderate.

Office hours from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

The Bradys winked at each other.

"A fraud," laughed Harry. "Lives by humbugging credulous fools."

"No doubt. The old fellow must have been this marvelous seer."

"Ring the bell, and we'll test his occult power."

Harry nodded and complied, and a gigantic negro, clad in

an old army suit opened the door almost immediately and scanned them sharply.

"Is the doctor in?" asked the boy in his politest tones.

The darky shook his head, pointed at his mouth and ears, made several quick motions in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, and beckoned them in.

"He's a deaf mute," commented the old detective.

They entered and the big coon left them in the hall, and passed into the back room.

He was only absent a few moments, and beckoned to them to come in.

As they passed into the rear room, he slipped out.

The detectives found themselves in a curious looking apartment back of the parlor, and glanced around with lively interest.

In the middle stood a table, upon which were a number of bottles filled with chemicals and drugs, beside a large candelabra, and an alcohol lamp in a copper dish, with a distilling crucible.

A large book-case was in the corner, its shelves laden with volumes on various medical, chemical, and scientific subjects.

The middle shelf contained four druggists' bottles, beside which lay the unique iron-bound box they had seen the old man in the car carrying.

A weird aspect was given to the scene by a huge gray owl perched on the top shelf, staring down with sightless eyes.

On the walls hung an odd assortment of phrenological charts, palmists' sketches, maps of the heavens, a photograph of the moon, and an odd lot of pictures of human hearts, nerves, and brains.

A big case in a corner was filled with specimens of minerals, and standing in a row at one end of the room, were the articulated skeletons of seven human beings of different races.

The doctor stood beside his desk.

He now presented a most peculiar appearance, assumed, no doubt, to heighten the grotesque effect of the business he followed.

He had changed his clothing.

A tall, conical cap now rested on his head, covered with stars, skulls, circles and diamonds worked in colored silks.

He had put on a pair of slippers, and donned a long silk robe with a rope girdle, from which a metal plaque hung at his side, its face being embossed with figures of the same character as those adorning his cap.

Glancing inquiringly at the Bradys a moment, he demanded gruffly:

"What do you want?"

"Are you Doctor Hopper?" queried Harry.

"Yes."

"And you claim to recover or locate buried treasure?"

"I can."

"How?"

"That's my secret."

"What's your charge?"

"Five dollars."

"Steep, but I'll go you."



And young King Brady paid him.

The money seemed to make the physician more amiable. He put it in his pocket, and asked in pleasanter tones.

"What treasure do you wish to locate?"

"Captain Rackstraw's."

"Eh?" exclaimed the doctor, with a sudden start, and a paling of the face.

The detectives noticed his illy concealed agitation, but made no comment. They drew their own conclusion from it, however, and Harry continued:

"Captain Rackstraw's, I tell you."

"I don't know him. Did he lose a treasure?"

"Yes. He was murdered for a box of diamonds last night aboard his ship from Rio de Janeiro. We wish to find out what became of the box."

"I see," said the doctor, recovering his composure at once.

"Can you locate it?"

"I may, through you yourself, as you probably saw the box."

"How can you find out through me?" demanded Harry, skeptically, as he sat down in a chair behind which his partner stood with folded arms.

"I'll hypnotize you!" exclaimed the doctor.

He glared at Young King Brady, and made several mysterious passes with his hands.

Old King Brady watched the proceeding with interest.

It was very evident to the detectives that the old physician was a mad man.

"How are you going to hypnotize me?" asked Harry.

"Easily. My will power is strongest and will overpower yours. Remain passive, and fold your hands. Now look at this piece of mirror fastened on the front of my hat. Don't concentrate your thoughts on anything but this glass."

"Go ahead," said Harry, keeping a sober face.

The old fellow made some more passes over Harry's head, stroked his eyelids and some of the nerves on his face and at the back of his neck.

All the while he kept muttering in commanding tones:

"Sleep—sleep—sleep!"

Harry finally seemed to succumb to the hypnotic influence.

Thinking he had the boy in a trance, the mad doctor exclaimed:

"Now follow the box of treasure. To where does it lead you?"

Young King Brady arose and stepped briskly to the bookcase, took down the parcel containing the iron-bound box, and exclaimed:

"Here it is!"

He was not hypnotized, but old Hopper thought he was, and when he saw what the boy had done, he gave a yell of fury and cried:

"You're a liar!"

"And you," interposed Old King Brady, tapping the doctor on the shoulder, "will have to open that box, and tell us where you got it, or by thunder we'll clap you in jail!"

The doctor ripped out an angry oath, and recoiled with a scowl on his brow.

## CHAPTER V.

### MAKING DIAMONDS.

"If Dr. Hopper was a madman, he certainly had lucid intervals, and he now was in one of them, for he realized what was said, and shouted furiously:

"You fellows are detectives, ain't you?"

"We are," assented Old King Brady, coolly.

"You want to see the contents of that box?"

"We certainly do, and shall, doctor."

"Very well. I'll open it and show it to you."

And without the slightest hesitation he tore off the wrapper, and as the lid of the box was not locked, he raised it.

Within the box lay a human heart.

The detectives glanced at it in amazement, and observed that it had recently been dissected from the body in which it had grown.

It sent a chill through them.

They expected to see the box filled with diamonds.

When, instead, they saw this relic of a human being, a dreadful suspicion flashed across Old King Brady's mind and he whispered to Harry:

"Good heaven—do you think he's a vivisectionist?"

A doctor of that name is one who cuts open animals and human beings while alive, to watch the action of their insides for medical information.

Harry shook his head.

He shared his partner's suspicion, but dared not say so, for such men are lawbreakers and suffer a severe penalty if caught.

The doctor eyed them grimly a moment, then he asked, sarcastically:

"Does that object look like a lot of diamonds?"

"Not much," replied the old detective. "But where did you get the box?"

"Found it up in Harlem," snapped the doctor. "Picked it up in the street and carried it to Bellevue Hospital, where one of the doctors gave me this heart for personal examination. It came from a man who died of heart disease and I've been requested to examine and analyze it and submit a report to-morrow, as I'm a specialist on that disease."

The detectives had to be satisfied with this explanation until they could learn more about the matter from other sources.

Young King Brady realized that it would be useless for him to prolong the humbug he was practising and he said with a laugh:

"Doctor, I thought you was a hynotist."

"So I am," growled the old fellow, savagely. "Who says I ain't?"

"I do. I think you are a bum mesmerizer."



"Confound your impudence! How dare you insult me that way?" excitedly cried the doctor, glaring furiously at the smiling boy.

"I can't insult you by telling the truth, can I? You imagined you threw me in a trance, but you didn't."

"Oh, yes I did!"

"You're a quack, sir."

"I'm a gentleman and a scholar!" shouted the doctor, looking as if he would like to hit the boy. "I'm a man of science."

"You're a fakir, and I've proved it."

"I won't put up with your insults any longer. Get out of here."

"We intend to," calmly answered Young King Brady, rising and putting on his hat. "And I'll give you fair warning, sir, that we are dead onto your curves. If you belong to the gang who killed Captain Rackstraw and stole that box, we'll nab you in good season."

He fixed a cold, glassy look upon the astrologer.

Dr. Hopper was visibly affected by the threat.

A look of intense alarm flashed across his dark face, and showed in his deep, burning eyes as he glared uneasily at the pair.

Finally he mastered his emotion and asked more quietly:

"Didn't you come here to spy on me?"

"We called to find out where you got that metal box," answered Harry.

"You believe I am concerned in the robbery of some diamonds which you claimed were in the box?"

"We certainly do."

"You have made a grave error."

"In what way, I'd like to know?"

"Simply because I don't have to steal diamonds. I make them."

"You make diamonds?" asked Harry, incredulously.

"Exactly. I am an inventor. I have invented a method of manufacturing the finest kind of diamonds. I can make diamonds to order, and within a few years I shall make and sell so many of them that I'll be richer than Rothschild, Astor and Vanderbilt combined. Diamonds will be a drug on the market. They will lose their value and become so common that poor laboring men will be able to wear them profusely. I tell you, sir, I am a wonder."

"I should think you were," laughed Harry, winking at his partner.

The detectives imagined the old crazy man was raving.

They thought he was suffering from a wild delusion.

Many a smart man had his brain turned by searching for a means of manufacturing gold and silver; this one, they thought, had gone a step further and become insane trying to invent precious stones.

Doctor Hopper looked at him restlessly.

He observed their skeptical looks and he asked:

"Don't you believe me?"

"We'll try to," replied Harry.

"Don't force yourself. I can convince you."

"How?"

"By making a few diamonds while you wait."

The Bradys' curiosity was aroused.

Glancing at each other they silently nodded and Harry said:

"We'd like to see you perform that wonderful experiment, sir."

"It's no experiment now. I've passed that stage," replied the doctor, quickly, "and I've got it reduced to a commercial basis."

"Then your fame and fortune are made."

"That I already know."

"Proceed with your exhibition."

"Follow me."

He picked up the big candelabra from the table, passed over to a flight of stairs, and they followed him down into the cellar.

There he turned an electrical switch, and a brilliant glare of light rose from scores of electric lamps, almost blinding them.

A strange scene met their view.

The front vault contained a boiler and engine, and the machinery was coupled to an enormous dynamo of high voltage, which was then working.

The gigantic mute negro was attending to the furnace.

Lying about were numerous queer contrivances, at one side was a bench littered with tools, against the other wall stood a rack holding many jars containing chemicals, and close by was a cask filled with raw carbon.

Standing upon a small platform, carpeted with asbestos, was a block of soft iron about two cubic feet square, cut in two pieces.

In the centre, or core of each section was a small hollow, while secured to the upper part of each piece was an electrical binding post.

"You've got quite a laboratory here," commented Harry, in surprise.

"It's my plant for making diamonds," explained the doctor.

"And you can make them with this apparatus?"

"Of course I can. I'll demonstrate that fact in a few moments. But first I'll explain the principle upon which I set to work. There is no theory in what I'm going to show you. As you may know, diamonds are simply crystallized carbon. Carbon is to be found in almost everything. The graphite in common lead pencils is a carbon. Now in order to get pure carbon crystallized, we must try to imitate nature. Nature, we find, forms crystals by subjecting certain elements to different degrees of heat and cold, and then expanding and contracting them. That's what I'm going to do with carbon to produce diamonds."

Despite the fact that the Bradys looked upon the doctor as a lunatic, they were deeply impressed and interested by what he said.

"How are you going to do the trick?" Harry inquired.

"I'll show you," replied the doctor.

He took down a bottle from the shelf, wet the hollow spaces in the sections of iron, filled them with pure carbon and put the two pieces of iron together.

"There," said he, "you see I've inclosed about five ounces



of pure carbon inside that iron. Now I'm ready to make my diamonds. To do so, I must fuse that block of iron with a degree of heat we can't get from coal. The highest temperature can be gotten from electricity. This dynamo will produce it. I'll attach the poles of the generator to the iron by two wires. Now watch. When the iron heats, it expands and a terrific chemical change immediately takes place in the carbon. When the heat is turned off and the iron is left to gradually cool, the iron contracts. The pressure upon the carbon then becomes greater than that of a hydraulic machine. When we cut the iron open, pure diamond crystals will be found inside. The carbon, in other words, will be turned into diamonds."

As he said this he brought two wires over from the dynamo, attached the ends to the two binding posts before referred to and turned on the current.

Swiftly the iron heated up—got red—then glowed.

The detectives silently watched it getting hotter and hotter till it passed the point of white heat, and the glare it sent out became blinding.

An appalling heat filled the cellar.

Hotter got the iron, until it had the angry, sullen glare of the sun, and had almost melted into a liquid mass, the asbestos preventing the platform from burning.

Doctor Hopper had put on a pair of colored goggles.

He eagerly watched the iron and was evidently keeping it heated to a certain temperature for a known length of time.

Then suddenly he cut off the tremendous electric current, and cried:

"It's done!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### DOOMED TO FREEZE TO DEATH.

A thrill darted through every nerve in the detectives' bodies. They felt that they were upon the eve of a great discovery. It was clear to them that the mad doctor's theory was plausible enough to believe in it.

As the high heat gradually died out of the iron, the doctor placed two big stuffed arm-chairs near the platform and said to the detectives, courteously:

"Sit down. It will take some time for the iron to cool."

They thanked him, and seated themselves.

From where they were they observed some coils of piping running around the platform, just beyond the sheet of asbestos.

These pipes had been covered thickly with a white frost before the iron became hot, but the intense heat melted it off rapidly.

"What are those pipes for?" queried Harry, pointing at them.

"To cool the iron. Ammonia brine passes through them. It's a refrigerating process," explained the doctor. "That's the way ice is made. I'll turn on the refrigerator. It will hurry the cooling process of the iron."

Reaching up to some pipes hanging from the ceiling, he opened a valve and the detectives saw that the iron was cooling faster.

It finally got black.

Two hours of absolute silence followed.

Finally the doctor began to prepare a steam saw.

Summoning the big negro, they attached a block and fall to the iron, hoisted it up before the saw and the doctor exclaimed:

"This mass is quite cold now."

"And it has been contracting while cooling?" asked Harry.

"Yes. The pressure on the fused carbon must be terrible."

"Going to cut the block open again?"

"I am. Keep your seats. It will take some time."

He set the saw going and it gradually ate its way through the iron.

When the block was finally cut in two, they lifted a piece of it to a table on rollers and shoved it in front of the detectives.

"Successful?" queried Young King Brady.

"There are the diamonds," proudly answered the doctor.

He pointed at numerous minute bright particles bedded in the iron.

There could be no doubt about their being true diamonds, but a disappointed look crossed Harry's face, and he remarked:

"While it is true you have made diamonds, they are so very small, I don't see how they can be of any commercial value, Doctor Hopper."

A frown gathered on the physician's brow.

Harry had touched a sore spot in his heart.

But he was not going to admit the only drawback to his process.

"You'll admit I can make them, won't you?" he asked, loftily.

"We can't deny that fact."

"Very well. Then how do you know I can't make them as big as your head, if I increase the size of my apparatus for doing so?"

The boy did not reply.

He felt the force of this reasoning.

"You spoke too quick," reprovingly said the doctor, as he laid a hand on the back of each chair. "You must not imagine you know it all, young man, because you don't. In fact, you've got a great deal to learn yet by experience."

Harry laughed and replied:

"You are right, doctor."

"Now don't forget this, gentlemen," said Hopper. "If you see me going around peddling diamonds by the basketful, don't think it strange, for you both will then know where I get them. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Are you saying that to cover your tracks?"

"I don't understand your allusion."

"Why, you might try to sell the Brazilian diamonds stolen from Captain Rackstraw, and pretend they were stones you manufactured."



The doctor scowled.

An angry exclamation escaped his lips.

"You fellows are obstinate!" he hissed.

"Very," agreed Harry.

"Determined to fight me?"

"If necessary."

"Then I'll clip your wings now."

He pushed a hidden spring in the back of each chair where his hands rested, as he made this threatening remark.

A most singular thing then occurred.

There was a mechanism hidden in the chairs by the upholstery, which those springs set in motion, and the arms flew around, closed in on the detectives and held them in a vise-like grip around their waists.

Nither could move.

They were held in the chairs as if riveted there.

A subdued chuckle escaped the doctor when he saw the violent, but futile efforts of the two detectives to regain their liberty.

"Gentlemen," he remarked, urbanely, "you are my prisoners!"

The Bradys found it impossible to get out of the mechanical chairs, and almost exhausted by their violent exertions, they glared at the doctor, and Harry recovered his breath and demanded hotly:

"What do you mean by trapping us this way, you old villain?"

"Didn't you declare war on me?" asked the doctor, sternly.

"Yes, if you deserved it."

"Then I am simply defending myself."

"You are tricking us."

"All's fair in love and war."

"Do you intend to keep us prisoners here?"

"For a while," was the cool reply. "You brought this trouble upon yourselves by interfering with me. When a man deliberately goes looking for trouble he usually gets more than he wants. You've accused me of a certain crime. I'm going to look out for myself now, as I don't want to get the worst of it from you fellows. I've got the upper hand now, and I'm going to keep it."

The Bradys felt very uncomfortable.

To be held at the mercy of a crazy man was far from pleasant.

"Let us go," said Harry, persuasively, "and we won't molest you."

"Not much," replied the mad doctor, gradually becoming excited. "I am going to put you both where you can't do me any harm."

"And where is that?" asked the boy.

"I'll turn you both into a pair of marble statues."

"Oh, gee! He's getting daffy again!" muttered Harry in dismay.

"Humor him," whispered Old King Brady, suggestively.

"I'm going to petrify your bodies," proceeded the doctor, a wild light leaping into his eyes. "I'll put you into my refrigerator, and freeze your bodies until you are as

stiff and hard as stone. Do you know I can suspend your animation that way? Why—I can freeze you up so hard that your bodies can't rot, and I can keep you for centuries that way. In five hundred years from now I could thaw you out, and you would resume living just where you left off, regardless of the interval of time that elapses."

The detectives were alarmed.

In the devilish, cunning look upon his face they saw he had a fiendish desire to carry out his singular idea.

They could do nothing to prevent him.

The doctor opened the door of a small room, the walls and ceiling of which were covered with refrigerating pipes, coated with white frost.

A coating of rubberoid paper insulated this room.

Within, a terrific coldness prevailed.

Having inspected the interior, the doctor returned to his prisoners and said:

"I'm going to put you in that room. Then I'll lower the temperature in there very fast. I can get it down to two hundred degrees below zero. In one hour you will both be so frozen that your bodies will become brittle and would break like icicles."

"Why don't you wait?" asked Harry, mysteriously.

"I have no reason to," the doctor replied, pushing his chair toward the door.

"You'll regret it."

"Why?"

"If we don't emerge from this house in a very short time, our friends outside have orders to burst in here and rescue us. Do you know what that means?"

"I really don't care."

"You will, then, for our friends will kill you."

"Bosh! Tut-tut! Your friends can't injure me."

"Just wait and you'll see."

"I'm impervious to injury," exclaimed the doctor, cheerfully.

Then he pushed Harry's chair into the freezing-room, and went out to get Old King Brady and serve him the same way.

Harry felt a violent chill go through him.

Shivering, he watched the door.

The doctor was wheeling the old detective in.

"We'll make it hot for you, if ever we get out of this fix!" declared Old King Brady, energetically. "You're an old rogue!"

"Oh, you'll never escape!" assured the doctor, in tones of conviction, as he left the two detectives side by side, and moved toward the door. "I shall have Samson, my negro, watch the door with a pistol to shoot you if by any strange chance you get out of those chairs and try to get out of this room before I've got you frozen solid."

He passed out, banged the door shut, and they heard him bolt it.

Left alone, the Bradys pondered over their strange situation, and a feeling of blank despair took possession of them, for they could not imagine any way in which they could escape from their living tomb.



"I'm afraid we are in for it now, Harry," growled Old King Brady.

"There don't seem to be much chance to escape," the boy replied.

And they resigned themselves to their fate.

## CHAPTER VII.

### AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

"Harry," exclaimed Old King Brady, when they found themselves shut up in the gloom and cold of the refrigerating-room, "if Dr. Isaac Hopper was not mentally unbalanced, he would not have consigned us to such a death as this."

"There may be method in his madness," bitterly answered the boy.

"You think an ulterior object actuates him?"

"Of course I do. He isn't merely anticipating an attack from us, and defending himself. He is one of that gang of river thieves, I'm convinced, and he knows we are aware of their doings and wants to put us out of the way so we can do his pals no harm."

"That's only a theory."

"Of course. But I've got good ground to work on. For example—now that the gang have got those diamonds from the metal box, they have got to dispose of them without arousing suspicion."

"Certainly. But what has that got to do with us?"

"Can't you draw your own conclusions? The doctor has tried to convince us that he can manufacture diamonds so we won't think it is strange if we hear of him trying to dispose of a lot of such stones. He wants to make us think he is selling gems of his own make, whereas they will really be the stones stolen from the metal box."

"I see. I thought it strange Hopper exposed his secret process to us."

"We know he can make diamonds," proceeded Harry, "but we also know that they are such tiny crystals, that they are of no value. Moreover, I don't believe he can make them of commercial size. Nature can be poorly imitated, but no man can do what she does. There is every probability that Hopper has got his process patented, so there was no danger in showing us or any one else how he made his diamonds, as the law will protect him. That's why he did not hesitate to do the trick before us. He's a deep and artful old rogue, and knew what he was about. Finding he could not impose upon us, he has determined to kill us."

"Well, he went about it in a neat way, for nobody knows we are in this house and should we perish, he will never be brought to book for it."

"Perhaps he suspected that, despite what we told him."

"I have no doubt he didn't believe any one knew of our presence here."

"Can't you burst open the restraining arms of that chair?"

"No. Can you?"

"I can't budge an inch."

"What an ingenious and cunning contrivance this is."

"Only a man of his deep ingenuity would invent such a thing."

They lapsed into silence and brooded over their situation.

Evidently the doctor had injected a greater degree of frigidity into the room, for the detectives could feel the temperature swiftly falling.

The cold stung them.

It made their ears, eyes and lungs ache.

A deathly numbness was stealing over their senses.

The blood seemed to stagnate in their veins, and shooting pains darted through every fibre of their bodies.

Realizing that they were rapidly nearing a crisis, Harry gasped:

"It won't be long before I'll lose my senses, Old King Brady. I can feel my arms and legs tingling and dead like. A numb feeling is stealing over me. It's creeping up my limbs. I'm getting dizzy. When that dead feeling reaches the heart or brain, it's all off with us."

"Calling for aid will do no good," groaned Old King Brady.

"Not the least bit. No one would hear our voices."

"It's hard to have to submit this way—without a struggle."

"There's absolutely nothing we can do to help ourselves."

Again they lapsed into a moody silence.

Breathing had become difficult.

They were gasping and their bodies had become so cold that they no longer felt it.

Half an hour had gone by.

In another half hour there was a strong probability that they would be dead, beyond all power of revival.

At this juncture the door opened.

Turning their glassy eyes in the direction of the slight noise, they beheld Samson, the gigantic negro.

He stood on the threshold with a lantern in his hand, raised aloft so he could view the two prisoners.

Then he strode forward and pushed their chairs out of the room, and the detectives fancied they saw a look of deep pity in his dark eyes.

Even though they were removed from the chill, the half-frozen officers did not gain any relief at once.

The roaring furnace in the front vault was sending out a genial warmth, however, and it was not long ere they got the benefit of it.

Samson did not remain with them long.

Running up to the head of the cellar stairs, he listened there for a long time, to see if the doctor was going to return.

Finally he returned to the detectives.

To their astonishment they heard him exclaim:

"Dar! Specks yo' ain't gwine ter die now!"

"He speaks!" gasped Harry.

"Fo'sure," chuckled the coon. "I ain't no dummy."



"You pretended that you were?"

"Golly, boss, how I could agot dis job, if I hadn't? De doctor advertised fo' a dummy, an' as I were hard up fo' job, I had ter fool him."

"I see," laughed Harry. "You played your part well, old man."

"Lawdy, yaas," replied the big coon. "Had ter. Any way, I didn' come heah ter murder folks, or stan' by while dat ole debbil do de game. I'se a honest man, I is, an' doan' yo' forget it."

"You've saved our lives."

"No trouble 'bout dat, boss. Dis chile ain't agwine ter git hung fo' murdah, nohow. Dat's why I pull yo' out ob de cooler."

"Then you ain't in league with the doctor?"

"Me? Golly, no. Doan' like de ole cuss, nohow."

"Where is he?"

"Gwine upstairs."

"Can you get us out of these chairs?"

"Hain't got no key, but I'se got an axe an' kin smash dem rms."

"Do so, and we'll reward you handsomely."

"Dunno wha' de boss say ter me, when he fine out wha' se done," muttered the darky, as he moved away. "But jes' kain't help it, nohow, an' I won't leabe dem ter die ke dogs."

The detectives were delighted.

This intervention in their favor was so sudden and unexpected that they could hardly realize their good fortune at once.

"We've got a kind Providence watching over us, Harry," said the old detective. "It seems that we ain't doomed to die this way."

"I ain't going to congratulate myself until I'm entirely out of this fix," replied the boy, guardedly.

Samson came back with an axe in his hand.

He did not waste any time about cutting them free, and the skill with which he wielded the axe soon released them.

The chairs were smashed to pieces.

A few hard blows and bruises were all the Bradys received, but they did not complain about it. By this time they had nearly recovered from their freezing and found they could use their limbs.

Glancing at the remains of the mechanical chairs, they noticed that they were made of strong pieces of iron of an ingenious design.

Samson thrust the remains in the furnace.

"Dead men tell no tales," he chuckled. "When de doctor ad yo' gone, may as well miss de chairs, too."

The detectives moved about briskly and got their blood circulating.

A few minutes' exercise put them in normal condition again.

"What are you going to tell him became of us?" asked Harry.

"Nuffin', honey, nuffin'. De leas' said, de better."

"There's where you show your wisdom. Take this."

He handed the coon a twenty-dollar bill and Samson looked astonished.

"All fo' me, boss?" he demanded.

"Yes. Will it do?"

"Do? Golly—I didn' spect nuffin', sah."

"Then get us out of here."

"Kain't take yo' froo de house, boss, or he see yer."

"How can you smuggle us out, then?"

"See dat coal chute?"

"Yes."

"Waal, dar's a ton ob coal in de street, an' I'se gwine ter put it in. I go up dar, open de coal-hole in de sidewalk, an' yo' kin go up froo de chute to de street, an' escape."

"Very well."

The darky left the cellar.

In a short time they heard him take the iron lid off the hole in the sidewalk, and as the long, rusty chain was left dangling down in the chute, they grasped it and helped themselves up.

Within a few minutes they reached the street.

"Shall we go in and arrest the doctor?" Harry muttered.

"No. We must not repay the colored man's kindness by running chances on getting him into trouble."

"What do you advise?"

"To watch the house and shadow the doctor when he emerges. If he is in league with the river thieves, he will give himself away."

This plan was adopted, and they hid themselves where they could keep the house under surveillance without being seen themselves.

There they patiently watched and waited.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### DAISY, THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Three days passed by uneventfully, the Bradys keeping a sharp watch upon Dr. Hopper's house, by turns, day and night.

During all that time, the madman remained indoors.

The house had a deserted look, the blinds being kept closed, and nobody answering the knocks and rings for admittance of numerous people who called to see Hopper on business.

Among the people who called there, was a beautiful young girl.

The detectives noticed her particularly, as she arrived every day at precisely twelve o'clock, tried persistently to get in, and always went away with a reluctant and disappointed air.

She was scarcely more than seventeen years of age, with a trim little figure clad in a pink shirt waist and blue dress, while upon her beautiful dark hair she wore a jaunty sailor hat.

A decided brunette, she had a pair of big, dark-brown



eyes, arched by the blackest brows, a straight, pointed nose, and a pretty mouth.

On the third day after their escape from the doctor's cellar, the Bradys were lurking in a neighboring doorway watching the house as usual, when they saw the girl make her appearance again.

Pointing at the neat little figure, Harry asked his partner:

"Have you ever noticed her before, Old King Brady?"

"Yes. This is the third time she has called at the doctor's."

"Very persevering, isn't she?"

"Her business with him must be very urgent, Harry."

"Just my opinion. There she goes, up the stoop."

They saw her ring the bell repeatedly and get no response.

"I wonder what her business with him can be?" asked the old detective.

"We might try to find out."

"It may be of interest to us to know."

"Then I'll make the attempt when she leaves there."

"Queer, how shady the old astrologer is keeping."

"He probably fears us."

"Samson, the negro, must be with him."

"But he wouldn't risk losing his job by venturing out."

"No. That coon was a kind-hearted fellow, to befriend us so well."

"I'll never forget the relief I felt when he aided us to escape."

"Here comes the girl."

"Stay here and I'll approach her."

The girl left the stoop, stood staring at the house, and finally walked slowly away in the direction of Third avenue. Harry followed her through Tenth street.

When she arrived near the corner, he tapped her on the arm, raised his hat politely, and said, as she glanced around at him in surprise:

"Pardon me, Miss, but I wish to speak to you."

"You go on about your business!" was he gingerly reply, "I want you to understand you are addressing a lady, and if you don't stop trying to flirt with me, I'll call a policeman!"

Harry smiled at her error and hastened to say:

"I am not a masher. I am a detective."

"A detective?" she echoed, her face flushing.

"Yes, a Secret Service detective."

"Oh! Excuse me," she exclaimed. "I thought you were——"

"Your error was quite natural, as I am unknown to you," he interrupted quickly. "However, we will let that pass. I have some business to transact. Let me introduce myself. I am Harry Brady."

"I am pleased to know you, sir," she replied with a gracious smile, "for I was just thinking of going to police headquarters to enlist the services of an officer, to help me out of some trouble I am in. My name, sir, is Daisy Curtis, and I am the daughter of Archie Curtis, who re-

cently disappeared from our farm, up near Kingsbridge. You have doubtless heard about it, haven't you?"

"Why, yes," replied Harry, staring at her with new interest. "As near as I recollect the incident, you and your father lived alone in the farmhouse and if I ain't mistaken, there's an old haunted mill on your property, isn't there?"

"Yes. That's the old grist mill my grandfather used to run fifty years ago. It's been abandoned a long time. People say it's haunted now, by my grandfather's ghost. I committed suicide in the mill, I am told."

"The circumstance of your father's disappearance was very suspicious, wasn't it?" asked Harry, trying to recall the matter to mind.

"Very!" declared Daisy, a frown gathering on her brow. "You see, a man was thrown from his horse opposite our homestead. The animal ran away, and we brought the man in and cared for him over night. He said his name was Mr. Vance, and that he was a great race-horse owner. Seeming to be very grateful to us for assisting him, he said he would give my father a tip on some races which would surely win. All my poor father had to do was to meet him at Doctor Hopper's house on Stuyvesant Place on the following Saturday and bring some money along to bet with. He drew five thousand dollars from the bank after Mr. Vance had gone, and at the appointed time he started off. That's the last I've seen of him. I notified the police. They hunted for him. He was traced to New York. Here he was lost in the crowd. Inquiries were made at Doctor Hopper's, but the old physician swore he did not know Vance nor had he ever seen my father."

"What sort of looking man was Mr. Vance?" asked Harry.

"He looked like Mephistopheles," replied the girl. "Tall, thin and graceful; he had a dark, bony face, deep, sunken eyes that burned through you like live coals of fire. His long, sharp nose hung down over an up-curving mouth; he had a long, pointed chin, his black mustache drooped at the ends and he wore a long, black imperial. His hair hung down his neck, and——"

"That will do!" exclaimed Harry, astonished at the description.

"Do you know him?" she asked, eagerly.

"I've met the individual you described."

"Where?"

"On the ship, Sally McCoy, where he murdered the captain."

"Good heavens! I thought he was a bad man. I didn't trust him. There was an evil look upon his Satanic face which I didn't like. So he is a murderer, is he? Well, I'm not surprised."

"It must be the same man."

"Perhaps. Anyway, I've always felt he was responsible for my father being so strangely missing. To make sure that he didn't go to Doctor Hopper's, I came down to investigate for myself. I met the old doctor and questioned him. He gave me vague answers, and got me to return repeatedly. Each time he put me off, he promised next time to give me some information of my father's whereabouts."



"What was his object in doing that?"

"I soon found out. The old villain fell in love with me. He made a proposal of marriage. He swore he could not live without me and declared he would give me a life of luxury if I'd have him."

"The old fool!" said Harry, contemptuously.

"That's what I called him."

"What was the result?"

"I kept away from him."

"But you've been coming back."

"Yes. He sent for me."

"How did he know your address?"

"I don't know. He had it correct, though."

"That's queer."

"It mystified me, as I never gave it to him."

"Well, what did he tell you?"

"I failed to get in. I've called three times, now, and nobody answers my ring for admittance. It's disappointing to have to travel such a great distance as I do to reach here, and then have to go away again without any result. Besides, I am so anxious about my father's fate I'll risk putting up with that old idiot's love-making to learn what he wishes to know."

Young King Brady pondered.

He finally said to the girl.

"You know I told you I'm a detective."

"So you said, Mr. Brady."

"I'm shadowing the doctor for some crooked work he is doing."

"Are you?"

"Yes, and I shall make it my business to find out from him what he knows about your father's whereabouts."

A pleased look flashed over Daisy's face.

She clapped her hands, bestowed a grateful glance upon the boy, and with a happy air, she cried:

"Oh, I am so glad to hear you say that. If you find him and restore him to me, I'll be the happiest girl in New York."

"To succeed, I need your aid."

"And I'll give it willingly."

"Can you meet me at headquarters to-morrow this time so we can arrange a plan of action to trap Doctor Hopper into a confession?"

"Certainly I shall, if you give me the address."

Harry handed her one of his business cards, and she soon after parted with him and went home.

The young detective then returned to his partner and told him all that transpired, after which they went over to the doctor's house and rang the bell.

## CHAPTER IX.

### NAILING A LIE.

"Just put your shoulder against the door, Harry."

"Going to burst it open?" inquired the boy.

"Yes. I fear Hopper has eluded us by going out the back way."

The two detectives braced their feet on the stoop. Then they shoved with all their might. The door creaked and snapped. Suddenly the lock broke with a crash, and the door flew open.

The Bradys were precipitated into the hall.

Rising quickly to their feet, they heard a yell at the end of the passage and back in the dim light they saw the doctor.

He stood in the doorway of his laboratory.

In his hands he held a brace of revolvers and was aiming them at the detectives, with cool deliberation.

"Hold on there!" he exclaimed, imperatively.

"There he is, now!" muttered Harry.

"By breaking into my house you have committed burglary," said the doctor, in quick, nervous tones. "You've got no legal or moral right to break into any man's house, even if you are detectives."

"We have the right of might!" exclaimed Old King Brady grimly.

"And I've got the privilege of shooting you for doing so."

"Perhaps it would be dangerous for you to attempt it," said the old detective, as he drew his own pistol. "You might hit one of us, but the next moment you'd get shot by the survivor."

"I'm going to run chances on that."

"What! You intend to kill us, eh?"

"I shall unless you get out of here."

"But we are in the discharge of our duty."

"Nonsense!"

"We've entered to arrest you, doctor."

"Upon what charge?"

"Attempting to take our lives three days ago."

"I'd never submit to arrest."

"The easiest way is the best way."

"Then take my advice, and clear out of here."

"Not until we take you with us, dead or alive."

"Words are useless, then?"

"Perfectly."

"In that case, I'll resort to action."

And with this remark he pulled the trigger of his pistol in the right hand; there was a flash and report and a bullet flew past Harry's head.

The old detective was quite surprised.

He did not think the doctor was going to fire.

Recovering from his astonishment, he shot back at the old man, and Hopper gave a yell of pain, staggered back into the room and groaned:

"I'm shot!"

"I never miss my mark!" exclaimed Old King Brady.

He rushed forward as he spoke and the doctor, seeing him coming, banged the door shut and hastily locked it.

Reaching the door, the detectives hurled themselves against it furiously, but it resisted the first assault.

"We must break it down!" panted Old King Brady, in determined tones.

"Take a run at it," advised Harry.

Retreating a few paces, they rushed at the door again, hit it a fearful blow and broke it open.



They expected a volley of shots when they plunged into the room, but to their surprise, were met by perfect silence.

A quick glance around failed to show the doctor.

Catching view of an open back window they ran over to it and peered out, just in time to see Hopper darting through a back gate into the yard at the rear, where he disappeared.

"He's going through that rear house," said Harry.

"Run around the block and head him off."

The boy hastily left the house, and Old King Brady was upon the point of going off to search the building when Samson came upstairs.

"Golly!" gasped the giant in surprise. "Dat yo'?"

"Back again," laughed Old King Brady.

"Whar am de boss?"

"Skipped out the back way."

"Anybody shot?"

"Yes. The doctor."

"Gwine ter be any mo' trouble yere?"

"Not a bit. The fuss is over."

"I'se mighty glad ter heah dat, boss."

"Where have you two been, during the past three days?"

"De ole man ben away. Jes' came back."

"Went and came by the back way, eh?"

"Dat am about de size ob it, boss."

"And you?"

"Me? I'se been in de cellar, ob cose, doin' some wuck fo' him."

"Making diamonds?"

"Tryin' ter make 'em big enough ter sell."

"And haven't succeeded?"

"No, an' nebber will, I reckon."

"I quite agree with your belief, Samson."

"Wot's yer doin' heah, anyway?"

"I wish to examine the house. It's my belief that the doctor is connected with a gang of thieves and I'm anxious to find some evidence of the fact on these premises."

"Reckon yo' am mistaken, boss."

"Well, I'll have a look, anyway."

"I won't object."

Finding that Samson was in a good humor, the detective began his search, but failed to find any clues which would seem to connect the doctor in any way with the river thieves.

Old King Brady took possession of the old metal box.

Its ghastly contents were gone.

By that time Harry returned with a disgusted look on his face.

"He got away," announced the boy.

"Just what I expected. Couldn't you find his trail?"

"No. Nobody saw him except a policeman and he said the man had been swallowed up in the crowd on Third avenue."

"Never mind, we'll collar him some other time."

Wishing Samson good-by, they departed.

Going straight to Bellevue Hospital, they made some inquiries there about Doctor Hopper being a specialist on heart diseases.

The hospital doctors claimed they didn't know him.

They not only branded Hopper's story about the human heart as a palpable lie, but they also claimed he was an impostor.

No one at the hospital had given him the heart for analysis.

The detectives were worried.

"Where did he get the organ, then?" Harry demanded.

"Probably cut it out of a subject," replied the chief doctor.

"While he was dead, or—alive?"

"Ha! You think——"

"That he's a vivisectionist."

"If he is, arrest him, by all means. No crueller practice can be imagined than that. It's simply awful. The plea that it's done in the interest of science is all nonsense. It's simply the morbid craving of a diseased mind to study nature at its work in the human anatomy. There are few patients who survive the ordeal. Just imagine one of those ghouls stupefying a man on the dissecting table, laying open his breast, and watching the beating of his heart. The striking those vital organs carries with it a large amount of poisonous organic matter which is bound to settle in the wound and injure the delicate machinery that makes life possible."

"We are watching out for that old fellow," said Old King Brady.

"If you catch him at any such fiendish work, don't let him escape."

The detectives departed from the hospital and went uptown.

Reaching the ship, Sally McCoy, they found the first mate, Hans Olsen, aboard, and showed him the metal box.

"Isn't this the diamond casket stolen from Rackstraw?" Harry asked him.

The Dane carefully examined it, and looking up, exclaimed:

"Sure. I could shvear ter dot."

"Why are you so positive, Hans?"

The mate pointed at the initials, "H. O.," faintly scratched on the box, and said:

"You seen dot? It's mine name. I put dem letters dere mit mine knife on de night Captain Rackstraw was stabbed."

The detectives saw the initials.

"H. O.," commented Harry. "They stand for Hans Olsen."

"Dot vas it," assented the mate. "Don't dot vas broad enough?"

"Yes. It's conclusive. It plainly shows that this box is the same one stolen by the murderer from this craft."

"Where you got it?"

"From a man we are watching."

"He vos got a face like der tuyfel?"

"Not exactly, as far as I can imagine the arch fiend looks," laughed Old King Brady, "but he's a friend of the gentleman in question."

The mate told them that the coroner held an inquest



the captain's body and that some relatives had buried the remains.

Hans was promoted to the captaincy then."

Shortly afterward, the detectives went away with the metal box.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE GIRL DECOY.

Just as the clock was striking twelve, in the Central office, on the following day, the street door opened and Daisy Curtis entered.

The chief sized her up at a glance, and asked her kindly:

"Well, young lady, what do you want here?"

"Harry Brady," replied the girl, with some show of hesitation. "He's a detective here, isn't he, sir?"

"Yes. He's one of my staff. Is your business personal?"

"It is. I am Daisy Curtis. Didn't he tell you about me?"

"No. But I'll summon him. Sit down."

And as the pretty girl seated herself, the chief pushed an electric press button on his desk and the Bradys came from an ante-room.

The moment Harry caught view of his caller, he warmly shook hands with her and introduced her to Old King Brady, then said:

"She's here to enter into a plot with us to capture Doctor Hopper."

"Have you got a plan formed?" queried the old detective.

"Yes. I want her to send the doctor a note, as long as he's back home, and making an appointment to meet him at six o'clock to-night, say—in the 155th street station of the elevated road. She cannot go to his house. It's too dangerous. That crazy man might get ardent, propose marriage, get rejected and try to murder her."

"Well?"

"After she gets rid of him, we can shadow him, if he goes elsewhere than home, and at the proper moment arrest him. Once we have the old scoundrel at our mercy we can force him to admit whether or not he is mixed up with that gang of thieves."

"That plan will do."

"Will you act as a decoy, Miss Curtis?"

"Certainly," assented the girl. "Anything to gain some tidings of my missing father, Mr. Brady."

"Then write him the note."

She was furnished with writing materials, and soon had the letter written.

It was sent by a district messenger boy, so they would know whether the doctor got it or not.

When the boy was gone, the chief asked the Bradys:

"If you're anxious to arrest that man, why don't you take a posse of officers down to his house and raid it?"

"That wouldn't do," Old King Brady replied, shaking his head. "We want to watch his movements a while, first.

If he really is a member of that gang, we'll utilize him as a stool-pigeon to lead us to his pals. They are the ones we are aiming at principally."

"Oh!" said the chief, and he resumed his writing.

The girl had some shopping to do, and saying she would be at the rendezvous that evening, she rose to go, after a while.

Just then the messenger boy returned.

"Did you see the doctor?" Harry eagerly asked him.

"Yes, sir, and delivered the note."

"Did he ask you where you got it?"

"He did, and I simply said a young lady sent it."

"You didn't tell from where?"

"No, indeed. He didn't ask me."

"Did he make any comment?"

"Well, he laughed and muttered 'I'll be there,' but he didn't send any answer."

"That will do. You may go."

The boy withdrew and the farmer's daughter set out for the shopping district.

As the Bradys did not wish to miss the doctor, they carefully watched his house and the house in the rear.

He departed by the latter exit, about half-past four, and Harry met his partner and they pursued him together.

He was evidently heading for 155th street, for he went up on a Harlem train and the officers entered the same car he was in.

The doctor wore the same rusty suit of black, and occupied his mind with a newspaper, to pass away the time.

He glanced carelessly at the Bradys several times, but did not recognize them, as they had carefully disguised themselves in the uniforms of railroad employees.

Both wore closely-trimmed beards and wigs.

To all appearances they were a couple of trainmen going to or from work. As they paid no particular attention to Hopper, they did not arouse his suspicions.

"He must be very much in love with Daisy Curtis," said Harry, as they sped along uptown. "When a man of his age falls in love with a young girl, it must be a very serious matter to him."

"And like a good many other fools," added Old King Brady, drily, "his affection for a girl is going to get him into a heap of trouble."

"Which shows," laughed Harry, "that old men have no right to monkey with the hearts of young girls, but should leave all of that sort of business to the young fellows."

Old King Brady gave him a sharp, queer look.

"Harry," he remarked, solemnly, "have you fallen in love with that girl?"

"No, indeed," replied the boy, flushing. "How could I, on such a short acquaintance? She's mighty nice, but love at first sight is an unknown factor in my life."

"Then look out for yourself, young fellow," warned the old detective, impressively. "A boy who is heart whole and fancy free, stands a better chance to get along at his profession, successfully, than one whose mind is distracted from his work by a pretty face."



Talking in this strain, they finally reached their destination.

Doctor Hopper alighted and glanced around.

Not seeing the girl on the platform, he marched into the waiting room and observed her sitting on a bench.

The effusive manner in which he met her made the detectives smile, and they noticed, with admiration of the girl, how well she played her part.

She asked him for news of her father.

"I've gained some tidings, since last I saw you," explained the doctor, in a mysterious way, "but I can't tell you where he is just yet."

"The same old story!" pouted Daisy.

"It can't be helped, my dear," replied the doctor.

"Then I'll leave you. Unless I hear and know something definite, I shall never take the trouble to see you again."

"Don't do that!" he pleaded.

"I'm determined, doctor."

He thought he was going to lose her and it worried him.

Pondering a moment, he came to the conclusion that he had put her off as frequently as possible, and must now make good his promises, unless he wished to lose her entirely.

It brought him to a sudden resolution and he asked, guardedly:

"Suppose you were to see him, would you believe me then?"

"Yes. Nothing but the sight of him would convince me that you are not trifling with me," she answered quickly.

"Well, I can show him to you, but——"

"But what?" she asked, as he hesitated.

"You cannot have him back yet."

"Why not?"

"Certain reasons which I cannot explain now."

The girl's hopes rose.

She saw her advantage and said:

"Very well. I'll be satisfied with a mere glance at him, so long as I can see him alive and well, I'll be perfectly satisfied."

"I'll grant your wish."

"Now?"

"Yes, to-night."

"Where is he?"

"A good ways from here."

"In the hands of Mr. Vance?"

"Yes. But I can only take you to him on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you will swear to ask no questions as to what you may see, and promise that you will not tell a soul about it."

"Granted."

"You'll swear to it?"

"I do."

"And will not question my connection with the case?"

"Not in the least."

"Then we'll go at once."

"Which way?"

"Out to Inwood first."

"Why—that's in the direction of my home."

"Yes," said the doctor, giving her a peculiar smile. "Wait here."

He went to the office and purchased two tickets on the Harlem Division of the Central road, and led her to the cars.

They entered one and sat down side by side.

The Bradys had overheard every word they uttered, and it amazed them not a little, but they made no comment.

Securing two seats directly behind the couple, they saw that the doctor was so engrossed and absorbed with Daisy that he was not likely to pay the slightest attention to them.

This idea just suited them.

Where they sat, they could overhear every word uttered by the pair.

In a few minutes the train started, and they were launched upon a trip destined to be fraught with excitement.

## CHAPTER XI.

### OVERCOME BY A STRANGE DRUG.

During the ride to Inwood, the doctor made violent love to Daisy Curtis, but she was clever enough to check him when he became too fervent in his declarations of undying affection. The Bradys saw that the bullet that hit him had merely inflicted a slight flesh wound, which he now had covered with court-plaster, on the side of his head.

It was dark when they alighted, and the doctor turned up Dykman street and headed over toward Sherman Creek, a distance of about ten blocks away, and grasped her arm.

"You ain't afraid to trust yourself with me, are you?" he asked.

"No, indeed," replied the plucky girl, for she had seen the Bradys alight from the train and dog their footsteps. "As long as you are bringing me to see my poor, missing father, doctor, I'll risk anything."

"Oh, I'll see that no harm befalls you!" he exclaimed energetically.

When they reached the neighborhood of Post avenue, the doctor procured a row-boat, told her to get in, and she pulled out through the creek into the Harlem river.

The detectives secured a boat and followed.

They could see that the doctor was heading for the old haunted mill in the marsh, and it aroused their curiosity. "Can Archie Curtis, the missing farmer, be confined in the old mill where we had our ghostly experience?" asked Old King Brady.

"If he should be," replied Harry, "he will be upon his own property, for we now know that he owns the old deserted mill."

The sky was overcast with clouds.

They kept far enough astern to remain out of Hopper



ght, and they finally saw his boat pulled straight up to the mill.

"Well, he's going there," said the old detective.

"Yes. And that reminds me we've got a row-boat of our own there, if it isn't gone. Don't you recollect that we had to leave it there when we found ourselves landed senseless on Harlem Bridge, after our tussel with the spooks in the old mill?"

Old King Brady laughed quietly.

"We'll be lucky if we ever find that boat again," he remarked.

They had been keeping in the shadow of the tall reeds along the shore, and now saw the doctor and the girl go up into the old mill.

As soon as they vanished, the Bradys pulled swiftly across the stream, sprang ashore and secured their boat.

They saw the boat they had used to get there on the previous trip.

It was tied to a stake.

Now, although they reached the interior of the mill only a few minutes after Doctor Hopper and the girl went in, they saw nothing of the pair.

They had vanished as completely as if they had turned into air.

"Gone, Harry!"

"Look outside."

Out they rushed, but saw nothing of Daisy or the doctor.

"Not here, Old King Brady."

"Where in thunder did they vanish to?"

"Another mystery of the mill."

"By Jove, I'm going to find out."

"Wish you could."

"Hunt around."

They both started off on a search in the mill.

But they met with no better success than they did when ere before.

The detectives were deeply mystified, but not at all discouraged.

"I won't give up!" declared Old King Brady, doggedly, when they met in the big room again. "As long as they come in here, and didn't go out, they must yet be here. What settles that?"

"To reduce the matter to a fine point," Harry commented, "we know that the roof, four walls and floor are merely thin, worn, single boards. The mill is a mere shell, with no double walls, floors or ceiling. Now, as they couldn't very well fly up in the air, they must have gone down in the ground. What do you think of that solution of the problem?"

"It's a sensible view to take of the case."

"My idea is that there's a means of exit going straight down into the marshy ground beneath this house," said Harry. "We haven't looked for such a thing yet. Our past efforts have been directed toward finding them either hidden in a secret place of concealment about the mill, or going away by land or water, after passing through the mill."

"Let us search the bog under this building."

"Wait. I've got a better plan."

"Name it."

"Follow the girl's trail."

"How?"

"Her tracks must be imprinted in the dust on the floor."

As he spoke, he directed the rays of his lantern upon the floor, crouched down and keenly scrutinized all the marks left there.

Many footprints were seen.

Among them he finally discovered those of a female, for the tracks were small and he noted the direction toward which the toes pointed.

He followed them slowly, but carefully.

They led him to one of the holes in the floor.

Peering down through the opening, the boy saw that the ground beneath was simply a mass of swamp, weeds and water.

Any one walking in it would have sunk to their ankles.

"The trail ends here," said the boy.

"Did she go down through that opening?"

"Beyond question."

"Can you see her tracks in the mud below?"

"No. Had she ventured into it, she would have sunk so deep that the ooze and water would fill the trail and obliterate it."

"Let me go down and see."

Old King Brady let himself down through the opening.

Harry watched him narrowly and saw him examining every inch of the swampy ground with his lantern.

Finally he pulled himself up through the aperture again, and said:

"No tracks down there."

"How about a trap door?"

"I couldn't see any such thing."

"There must be one there, somewhere."

"It looks doubtful."

"Why should it?"

"Because it seems to me that if there were such an opening in the ground, the tide, when rising, would flood a subterranean vault."

Harry nodded, with a glum look.

This was a possibility he had not thought of, and he grumbled:

"You might be right."

"That ends your theory, don't it?"

"It seems to. I don't know what next to suggest. We seem to be just as badly off as we were the last time we were here."

The old detective returned to the small room of the mill, at the rear.

A close examination of the floors failed to show any openings, no matter how keenly he scanned them.

Satisfied that the only way to get under the building from the interior was by the opening he had explored, he returned to Harry, who was examining the windows, and asked:

"What interests you there?"

"I was trying to see what caused the peculiar fire that



burst out in this window the last time we were here," answered the boy.

"Well, is there any evidence?"

"None that I can see. Only some holes in the frame."

"Examine the door and see what caused it to close and lock so we could not open it, Harry."

The boy was about to comply when a terrific shriek was heard, instantly followed by a burst of maniacal laughter.

A clanking of chains, then a deep, smothered booming like heavy thunder roared out and the old building began to shake violently.

The detectives were startled, and stared around in a vain effort to locate the spot from whence these appalling sounds came.

A strange bluish flame now began to rise in a corner, and huge clouds of smoke spread through the room.

A peculiar odor began to fill the air.

When the detectives inhaled it, their brains swam, and they could feel their senses of sight, hearing and taste leaving them.

Old King Brady glared at the blue-green fire and suddenly caught view of the spectral figure he had before seen, passing behind the flame and smoke, swinging a brazier.

"The ghost!" he gasped, pointing at it.

"Let us get out of here," hoarsely murmured the boy. "I'm stifling."

"What is this poison we are breathing?"

"Heaven only knows what accursed tricks these fiends are playing on us, Old King Brady. There—he's gone now!"

"Get to the door, quick, or I'll faint."

They made a desperate attempt to get out, for their ears were ringing, everything was becoming dim and confused before their sight. They became so weak they reeled like drunken men.

Some strange drug was filling their lungs and stealing their senses away with a fiendish precision from which there was no escape.

They staggered forward, blindly, a few paces, then fell.

"Harry!" faintly cried the old detective, then he gasped, and lapsed into oblivion. The boy had more vitality, and turned to drag him out in the air. But the deadly fumes overwhelmed him and he suddenly pitched forward, and fell prone upon his face.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE BRADYS MAKE A FEW DISCOVERIES.

"Old King Brady! Old King Brady! Where are you?"

This wild cry came from Harry. He was in the deepest of gloom.

Where, he had not the faintest idea. But certainly not in the mill, where he lost his senses. That was evident enough.

The boy had no idea how long he had been senseless, either.

A splitting headache racked his brain, and he felt death-sick from the nauseous fumes of the malignant drug he inhaled.

The boy found himself lying on a board floor.

He could feel this much.

Sitting up, he tried to think.

All the past events returned to his mind.

Then he got upon his feet, and listening, he heard heavy breathing coming from somewhere out of that awful darkness.

A peculiar rippling sound all around reached his ears—the noise of rushing water, that seemed to soothe his nerves.

"Where am I? How did I get here?"

He asked himself these questions a dozen times.

The same unseen agency that transported him and his partner to High Bridge must have disposed of them again.

Now, however, he was at a loss to locate himself.

The boy rapidly recovered his strength.

The dizziness left him, the sick feeling departed, and he breathed easier.

He extended his hands and carefully stepped ahead until he encountered a wall—a board wall, he felt, and then he followed it.

By so doing, he found he was in a small square compartment, the board ceiling of which he could touch with his fingers, by jumping up.

The heavy breathing he heard ceased.

A noise as of somebody moving, followed by a groan, and then the boy knew he was not alone in the gloomy place.

"Harry!" gasped the well-known voice of his partner.

"It's Old King Brady!" he muttered delightedly, then he cried: "Here! Here!"

"Are you here, too?"

"I fear we are prisoners?"

"Come over here. Haven't you got a light?"

"No. Not even a match."

Guided by the detective's voice, Young King Brady quickly reached his partner, whom he found sitting on the floor.

They talked about their strange situation.

Like the boy, Old King Brady gradually recovered from the effect of the drugging he had undergone, and got up.

"My lantern is gone, too!" he said, regretfully.

"I can't feel a door or window here," remarked the boy, "yet there must have been some sort of opening for the fellows, whoever they are, to put us through into this tomb."

The old detective searched his pockets.

His efforts were rewarded by finding a solitary match and he said:

"I've got one lucifer, and when I light it, use your eyes to every advantage, for we may not see again where we are."

"I'm ready," was the eager response.

Old King Brady used the greatest care in lighting the match, and the tiny flame showed them that they were in a hole or box of some sort.

Through the crevices between the boards large quantities of charcoal-dust and saw-dust had fallen into the room.



a large quantity of straw littered the floor in places. They saw the opening by which they entered.

proved to be a small door, up near the ceiling at one of the places, and it was tightly closed.

There was no ladder to reach it.

The match burned itself out rapidly and left the pair in the dense gloom again.

"Well," muttered the old detective, with a sigh of relief, "there is some satisfaction in knowing where we are, at least."

"I wonder if we can open that door to get out of here?" Harry asked.

"We might try it. I can stand against the wall and you climb up on my shoulders. You can then reach it easily enough."

"It's the only way."

They strode over to the wall.

But before they had an opportunity of trying the experiment, they were startled by hearing the murmur of voices. It came from the other side of the partition.

An instant later a short, narrow blade of light streaked through a crack in the wall and Old King Brady hissed ominously:

"Hush!"

He seized Harry's wrist and drew him toward the wall. "Peep through!" he softly whispered.

Sliding over, they applied their eyes to the crevice through which the shaft of light was piercing, and saw a glinting sight.

On the other side of the partition was a room exactly like the one they were in, excepting that it was fitted up in an odd manner.

In one corner a small gasoline engine was running a dynamo, which lit the place up brilliantly with electric lights.

There was a slanted marble-top table in the middle of the room upon which lay the naked body of a man, upon his back.

He was breathing, but unconscious.

Above him was a powerful electric light, with a reflector which shed an effulgent glow down upon the recumbent man.

Standing over this person was the mad doctor.

He held a keen dissecting knife in his hand, and was cutting the man's body upon the breast to locate the exact spot where he intended to cut into the living flesh! This made the watching detectives shudder with horror, for they now realized that the old vampire was what they expected.

"Look at the fiend!" whispered the old detective. "Our suspicions were correct. He has got a drugged victim in here and he intends to open his body to examine the mysteries of the poor fellow's internal organs."

"We must not let the old ghoul do it, Old King Brady!"

He urged the boy, excitedly. "It is barbarous—cruel—inhuman!"

"How in thunder are we going to stop him, I'd like to know?"

"There must be a means—we must find a way!"

"Wait! What's that?"

There came a bang at the door behind the doctor and he uttered a smothered oath, flung a sheet over his victim, put the scalpel in his pocket and turning toward the door, he demanded, harshly:

"Who's there?"

"Bill," came the gruff reply.

"What do you want?"

"I must come in, doctor, at once, too."

"Anything gone wrong?"

"Yes. Hurry and open the door."

A look of alarm flitted over the doctor's features, and he pushed back a bolt, and a short, thick-set man in rough clothing strode in.

The moment Harry saw him he muttered:

"He's one of the river pirates!"

"Ah! Then the doctor must belong to that gang?"

"So it seems."

"Listen!"

The man called 'Bill' was speaking.

"There's a lot of people searching for the girl. A party of them is up in the old mill now, doctor. Some one said they saw her with you in a boat coming over the river to the mill."

"Then her people are alarmed because she didn't go home last night, and are hunting for her, eh?" chuckled the doctor, greatly amused.

"Sure. That must be it."

"Well, they won't find her in the mill," said the doctor.

"But if they know of the existence of these buried ice-houses under the mill, they may take it into their heads to come down here and search."

"Very true, sir."

"That, we mustn't allow. I lured the girl here on the pretext of showing her her father here," said the doctor, pointing at the body on the dissecting table. "But she didn't see him, and I've got her a bound prisoner in the other room. There she's going to stay, too, until she consents to marry me."

"Can't we scare those fools away?"

"You and the boys might try. But you'll find it difficult to flash up any fire from this dynamo through the wires to the hidden induction coils in the mill over our heads, in broad daylight. And I don't believe the kinoscope will throw a good image of a ghost through the concealed tubes in the woodwork, upon the spray of steam and smoke we throw up from the gasoline engine at night. But you might give them a few yells, rattle the chains, and let those cannon balls fall on the boards, to produce thunder, if you like. The sounds will be carried up the tubes and magnified as usual by the megaphone."

"Shall we work the automatic door-closer when they get inside the mill and turn the electric current into the window frames?"

"You can if you like. It may drive them away."

"Then you'd better come and help us as we can't very well work it alone. What are you doing with the prisoner?"



The doctor chuckled and glanced at the man on the table.

Bending nearer to Bill, he pulled out his knife and hissed:

"I'm going to have a look at the ventricles of his heart pumping the blood through his system, before the day is over."

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### MAKING A BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

The Bradys were very much astonished at what they learned, and observing the mad doctor leaving the next room with Bill, they straightened up, and Old King Brady muttered:

"Did you hear that?"

"Every word of it," said Harry.

"Then we are down in an old abandoned ice storage, under the marsh."

"That's what the doctor said. It's under the mill, too."

"And all that ghostly seance was a humbug, worked by mechanical means from this place, to give the impression that the mill is haunted."

"It's no more than I suspected, but I could not see how those sly villains operated their tricks. Now we know that wires and tubes run up from this place through the wood-work to the mill above."

"But why all such pains to scare people away from here?"

"Simply because those river thieves must make this place their den. The doctor is one of them. He uses this hiding place to carry on his horrible mania for vivisection. It's all plain enough now. When Archie Curtis was lost in New York, he must have fallen into Hopper's power. The mad doctor selected him as a victim to rob and carve up. Hopper evidently had the farmer conveyed here and kept him a prisoner till the time was ripe to cut him up. He was just going to begin, no doubt, when he was interrupted. If Curtis ain't rescued now, he's a dead man."

"If we can get in there we may turn the trick."

"Are you armed?"

"No. Our enemies disarmed me."

"And they've got my pistol, too."

"It will be a hard job to fight a whole gang of desperate thieves with nothing but our fists to pit against their fire-arms."

"We've got to make the best of a bad condition," said Harry, determinedly. "If we don't make a break for liberty, that old demon may either cut us up alive, or kill us with one of the powerful drugs with which he overcame us last night."

"I'm ready for any kind of a risk, Harry."

"The next time those ruffians stupefy us they won't carry us to Harlem Bridge and leave us there, or carry us down in this den and make prisoners of us. They're more liable to give us a dose we won't recover from."

"See if you can reach the door, up there, by standing on my shoulders."

He placed himself against the wall under the door.

Locking his fingers together, he made a step for the and Harry went up, and reaching the door, pushed against it.

As it was not furnished with a lock, to his surprise it opened.

He got astride of the sill and reached down his hand.

"Come up—quick!" he whispered.

Old King Brady grasped his hand and pulled himself up.

In a moment more they were in the dissecting-room, darted over the door leading into the adjoining compartment.

It was a big room, fitted up with furniture and cooking utensils for living, a stove for cooking, closets for holding food, casks filled with fresh water, and bunks for sleeping purposes.

The further end was filled with a miscellaneous assortment of things the river thieves had stolen during the course of their depredations.

Electric lights illuminated the room.

Lying in one of the bunks, bound and gagged, was Archie Curtis, and she was watching the detectives eagerly.

They saw her.

Moving into the room, they saw that the gang had been there.

Among the many interesting articles lying about the place, nothing attracted the attention of the detectives much as a number of pistols and rifles abandoned by the thieves.

They hastily armed themselves, saw that the revolvers were loaded, and Harry picked up a knife and freed the girl.

As she sprang to her feet, she wept for joy, and cried:

"Oh, thank heaven for this!"

"Don't rave!" cried Harry sternly. "Where are the other two men?"

"Gone up that flight of stairs," she answered, pointing at a narrow staircase at the end of the room. "It leads to a loft above where they work their tricks to frighten people away from here."

"How do they get in and out of here?"

"By two entrances. One is a trap under the mill, covered with mud, held in place by a wire mesh so that when the trap is closed no one can distinguish it from the surface of the marshy ground. I entered that way."

"And the other?"

"It's a tunnel leading to the dry ground, and ends in a cave among some rocks."

"How do you reach the exits?"

"The trap is above in the roof of the loft. The door is water-tight to keep out the rising tide water. The tunnel is reached by means of that door you see at the end of the room."

"Hark! What's that?"

From above there came a fearful sound.

Several men were uttering hideous cries and peals of laughter, the imitation thunder was booming and the hissing and flashing of the commutators on the dynamo.



other room plainly told that they were making and king the current.

Working on the fears of the searching party," said Old King Brady.

Some friends must have seen the doctor bringing me," commented Daisy. "I thought you two were coming after me or I would not have gone with the doctor. I was safe till he got me down in the mill and chloroformed me. I recollect him taking me down through the trap I mentioned. When I came to I found they'd captured you by burning a stupefying drug of the doctor's invention in the mill to overcome you. And when they put you in a cell in the end compartment I gave up all hope."

"Let's get out of here!" said Harry restlessly. "I'll show you the way into the tunnel," gasped the

"Go ahead, and I'll carry out the man in the other room," said the old detective, and Harry and the girl proceeded.

Reaching the door, they found it looked and the key hanging.

Their escape was cut off.

Pointing at an ax lying on the floor, Harry exclaimed: "I'll smash it open with that."

Just then Old King Brady had gone into the next room and found that Mr. Curtis had recovered from the ether which he had been stupefied.

He was off the table when the detective found him.

Picking up the half-dazed man's clothes the detective showed them to him and said quickly:

"Put on these things—we are here to save you, and must get you out."

The farmer seemed to grasp his meaning and began to get up.

"They are going to kill me," he kept muttering.

Just then Harry shouted warningly:

"Look out! They are coming down, Old King Brady!"

The man Bill was in advance.

When he got down the steps he saw the prisoners all free and he gave a yell of warning to his pals.

Harry dropped the ax.

Seeing several of the gang coming rushing down, he shouted:

"Back with you!"

And he opened fire on them with his pistol.

When the sharp reports rang out and two of the gang were wounded in the legs, a furious clamor arose, and they made a hasty retreat up the stairs again and vanished from sight.

The detectives could hear them swearing and raving.

Not one of the gang was armed, and it rendered them unable to know that the prisoners not only were free, but were in possession of the den.

Harry rushed over to the foot of the stairs to keep them from going.

"I'll kill the first man who comes down!" he shouted.

Daisy was frantic with alarm.

She picked up the ax.

"Hold them back, Mr. Brady!" she cried thrillingly,

"and I'll smash open this door. We'll escape from here yet."

And she showered blow after blow upon the woodwork with strength of desperation, and began to batter in the opening.

A harsh, cruel laugh in the doctor's voice was heard coming from upstairs.

Then he shouted in mocking tones:

"You fools. You'll never get out of there alive to convict us. You're doomed. I'll make you feel my power yet!"

A few moments later there sounded a clanking, grinding and hissing noise, and the old detective suddenly shouted:

"Run, Mr. Curtis, for heaven's sake—come!"

"What is it?" feebly gasped the man.

"See, they are opening a shutter in the wall. The river water is pouring in. The place will be flooded. We'll drown like rats in a trap."

Above, the villains were turning a lever.

It opened a gate in the side of the old submerged ice-house.

In through the fast widening aperture a vast volume of water was gushing into the main room, flooding the floor.

Old King Brady and his companions ran.

The girl was plying the ax madly—furiously upon the obstinate door to burst open their only avenue of escape.

Up rose the water swiftly as the flying ax thundered against the door and crashed through the panels.

Harry rushed to the brave girl's aid.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A CLOSE CALL.

Crash!

The door went down.

Already the water was knee deep.

But the avenue of escape was open.

Harry seized the girl's hand, and rushed into the tunnel with her.

Behind them came Old King Brady, struggling valiantly to keep the half-stupefied Mr. Curtis upon his feet and moving ahead.

The poor fellow was in no condition for such exertion. As he neared the exit, he gasped faintly:

"I can't go any further. Leave me. Save yourself."

"By thunder, I'll do nothing of the kind!" roared the old detective.

"You may perish!"

"I'll save you or know the reason why!"

He was a powerful man, and he grasped the half-fainting farmer, swung him up over his shoulder and rushed into the tunnel.

The water was roaring furiously.

Higher and higher it rose every moment.

But luckily for the fugitives the bed of the passage grad-



ually sloped upward, and the further they advanced, the higher up out of the water they got.

It was as black as ink in the tunnel.

They bumped against the sides, but paid no heed to their bruises.

On, on they plunged for a distance of several hundred yards ere they finally emerged in the cavern Daisy had mentioned.

There they paused for breath.

They were above the river level and out of all danger now of being drowned by the brine so rapidly flooding the old ice-houses.

A deep silence ensued, only broken by their stentorian breathing, and through the cavern entrance they could see the glorious light of day streaming in.

Harry was the first to recover, and he said to the girl:

"Did you notice who we have with us?"

"No—I——" she began, when her father caught view of her.

"Oh, Daisy—my child!" he cried, opening wide his arms.

"Papa! Oh—papa! Is it really you I see?" she fairly screamed, and rushing toward him, she was clasped, sobbing, in his arms.

The Bradys drew aside.

Neither of them liked such affecting scenes.

"Well, we've beaten them, anyhow, Harry," remarked the old detective in pleased tones, as he took a chew of tobacco. "That infernal old doctor thought he had us in a trap. But all he succeeded in doing was to ruin his hiding place, and render his pals homeless and penniless."

"I suppose the gang got out through the trap door, before the flood got up to them," suggested the boy.

"We might head them off by running over to the mill."

"Come ahead, then!"

Out they dashed, and leaving the rocks behind they found they were on the country road behind the old mill.

But there they paused. It was useless to go further.

They saw two boats filled with six men, among whom was the old doctor, rapidly pulling across the river.

"Escaped us!" Harry commented.

"It's useless to think of following them, my boy."

"Perfectly," agreed Harry in disgust.

"They see us! Hear them yell! See them shaking their fists at us."

"It's a bitter pill for them to swallow. Cheated out of their supposed revenge upon us, they must feel sore, indeed."

Old King Brady laughed.

"Serves 'em right!" he remarked. "They're baffled. Next, they'll get caught."

Just then Mr. Curtis and his happy little daughter emerged from the cavern, and joined the detectives.

The farmer's face was radiant, and he warmly shook hands with the detectives, and said in earnest tones:

"It's useless for me to thank you gentlemen. Words fail to express my real feelings. But I owe you a debt I'll never forget."

"How did you fall into that old vampire's clutches, how?" asked Harry.

"Quite naturally," replied Mr. Curtis. "I was to Mr. Vance at the doctor's house, and went there with money to bet on the races. Daisy tells me that Isaac Hopper denied that I went there, but he is a liar. I hadn't been in his house five minutes before he had me drugged. Well, I was taken during the night to the den of the thieves and kept prisoner. When the doctor saw me that night he told me he was going to use me as a subject, which to practice for medical purposes. I didn't know he designed to do, but I do know that he drugged me either. That's the last thing I recollect up to the time I recovered and found myself stripped and lying upon a dissecting table."

"Do you know what he intended to do?" asked Harry.

"No. Do you?"

"Bare your heart and examine it."

Mr. Curtis shuddered, and demanded:

"What prevented him from carrying out his purpose?"

"An interruption. Your help searching for your daughter. They were in the mill. The gang went to the river and took them away. That gave us a chance to escape and get to rest."

"I'll have no mercy on that doctor if I ever get him into the bar of justice," exclaimed Mr. Curtis passionately.

After some further conversation he and Daisy parted with the two detectives and went to their home.

The Bradys saw one of their boats down at the float, getting aboard, they rowed back to the creek, returned to the skiff and went back to New York.

"We've disposed of one phase of this case so far, covering Mr. Curtis," remarked Old King Brady. "I've been instrumental in driving the gang from their safest retreat. We've found out that the doctor is one of the gang, and we've saved Daisy from his clutches."

"Best of all," added Harry reflectively, "we've saved ourselves. It's my impression that had we remained in Hopper's power long enough he would have made us victims of his infernal surgical operation, too."

Old King Brady started.

He never took this view of the case before.

But he felt quite well convinced that his young partner was correct.

"I believe, if we capture him, that we shall learn about what became of the diamonds stolen from the McCoy," he remarked. "Did you notice Mr. Vance in either of the boats?"

"No. Not a man looking like the Arch Fiend."

"What could have become of that murderer?"

"He may be hiding."

"Well, I recognized most of Hopper's companions. They are all known river thieves. As I know their haunts in the city, I don't believe we shall have much difficulty in putting our hands on them."

"The quicker we break up that gang the better."

"Certainly. And we'll do so this week."

"Once we relieve the doctor of his pals, he will have no chance."



fight for him, and that will make it all the easier for  
 contend with him."  
 The detectives went home.  
 They were thoroughly tired with all they had gone  
 through, and did not attempt to do anything until the fol-  
 lowing day.  
 Abandoning their disguises they proceeded to the doctor's  
 home and Samson answered their ring at the bell.  
 "Doctor home?"  
 "No, boss. Ain't seed him in two days," replied the  
 boy.  
 "Haven't you heard from him either?"  
 "Not a word, sah."  
 "Object to us searching the house?"  
 "No, sah."  
 The detectives did not doubt the gigantic negro, but  
 wanted to be perfectly sure that Hopper was really  
 there.  
 When this fact was established Harry said to the coon:  
 "We are going to remain here till he comes home."  
 "But he mayn't return fo' a week, boss."  
 "That makes no difference. We are bound to arrest  
 him."  
 "Holly! Den I'se gwine ter lose ma job."  
 "Suppose you will, Samson, but we'll get you another."  
 This assurance relieved the black and he grinned, and  
 said:  
 "That's different."  
 The detectives thereupon took possession of the house,  
 Harry watched it by day and his partner by night.  
 For nearly two weeks nothing was seen of the doctor.  
 Fearing his enemies might look for him at his residence  
 he was keeping safely under cover.  
 When it became necessary for Hopper to know what was  
 going on at the house, and he sent one of his friends to  
 inform the negro.  
 When Samson admitted the man, early in the morning,  
 he was hidden inside the front parlor where he could  
 hear every word they uttered.  
 Samson let the man into the hall and asked him:  
 "Wha' you want, sah?"  
 "The doctor sent me here to speak to you," replied the  
 messenger.

## CHAPTER XV.

### PUMPING A PRISONER.

Adding that the stranger was a messenger from Dr.  
 Hopper, the big negro said:  
 "De doctor sen' yo' heah, hey?"  
 "Yes," replied the man, nodding. "I'm Bill."  
 "Ain't say dat I know yo', Bill."  
 "No? Never hear Hopper speak of me?"  
 "Deed I didn't. Wha' yo' want, anyway?"

"Well, Doctor Hopper can't come here himself just  
 now."

"Why not?"

"The police are after him."

"He done been doin' crooked work, honey?"

"Nothing very wicked. Any officers been here asking for  
 him?"

"Ain't seen none."

"Have any been watching the house?"

"Kain't say. Might, but bless you' heart, I ain't seed  
 'em."

"What have you got to report to the doctor?"

"Nuffin'."

"Why?"

"'Kase nuffin' happen, ob co'se."

"Haven't any customers or patients been here?"

"Lots. But I done tole dem dat de doctor won't be back  
 fo' free weeks."

"Any mail for him?"

"Nary a letter."

"How is everything going on?"

"Same's usual."

Bill looked disgusted for he did not seem to pump much  
 useful information out of the big coon, and he said rest-  
 lessly:

"Say, ain't you got any word to send him?"

"No, sah."

"Sure?"

"Good Law, wha' yo' want me ter say?"

Just then, Harry sung out in the parlor:

"Samson, send the gentlemen in here. I have some-  
 thing to tell him."

"Who is that?" asked Bill, with a surprised look.

"My helper," glibly answered the darkey. "Go on in  
 dar."

"The doctor said you were alone."

"Suttinly—alone in care ob de house."

Bill strode over to the parlor door and as he crossed the  
 threshold the young detective caught him by the throat and  
 pushed a pistol against his forehead, crying sternly:

"Hands up, old man!"

The river thief gave a cry of alarm.

He would have retreated had not that restraining hand  
 held him by the windpipe, and he gurgled hoarsely:

"For pity's sake don't shoot me."

"Obey then, for I'll brook no trfing, sir."

Up rose Bill's trembling hands over his head, and as  
 his eyes became accustomed to the gloom he saw who his  
 captor was.

The man's heart sank.

He recognized the boy.

"Young King Brady!" he faltered.

"That's me, Bill, and I guess I've got you fast enough."

"Are you going to fire?"

"Not unless you show any treachery."

"I won't."

"Keep quiet now, till I disarm you."

The man dared not move, and Harry took a big pistol



out of his hip pocket and drew out his hand-cuffs, saying:

"Now hold out your wrists for the nippers."

Bill obeyed with ill grace.

He had been in prison several times, and as a matter of fact he would have preferred getting shot to going back there.

But he had no choice except to obey.

When Harry had him safe, he demanded of the man:

"Did you come here alone?"

"Yes," growled the thief.

"Where did you leave your captain?"

"I shan't tell you."

"Don't be obstinate. Confess and it will go easier with you."

"I'm not giving my pals away."

"Very well. Then I'll charge you with the murder and robbery of Captain Rackstraw. We've got to have a scape-goat of some kind to appease the public wrath, and as we can't get our hands on your satanic leader, why, we'll have to make you sweat for the deed."

Bill thought the matter over and got frightened.

He had no desire to suffer for another man's sins.

The danger threatening him made him weaken, and he exclaimed:

"What do you want to do that for?"

"Merely a matter of professional business," replied Harry coolly, as he eyed his man. "You must recollect that I've got a reputation to make and I can only expect promotion for making arrests of noted criminals. I can make you out to be one, and the newspapers will all be talking about the important arrest I've made. That will give me notoriety, at your expense."

"But I didn't kill the man," protested Bill, beginning to swear.

"No. Of course not. But you was with your leader when he did the job, and that will go against you, old chap. See?"

Bill's alarm increased.

He knew Harry could make out a very dangerous case against him which might lead to his conviction.

"See here!" he gasped nervously, "I ain't going to run my neck in the halter for any man. I'm no easy mark, I can tell you."

"I don't see how you can help yourself," coolly replied Harry. "You are my victim. I'm going to make a big name for myself out of you. The courts will take my word in preference to yours. That settles your hash."

"The deuce it does!" roared Bill, who was now thoroughly frightened. "I'm going to give the whole snap away, and save my own life."

"It won't do you any good."

"Why won't it? Are you determined to hammer me?"

"No. But I'm going to hang onto you unless I can catch your captain who really did the dirty work," said the boy quietly.

"Well, I'll tell you where to find him."

"If you do, I'll see if I can nab the villain. Your depends upon his capture. Do you realize that fact?"

"Yes. And, by thunder, I'll see that you do catch him too."

"Have you got a new den?"

"No. The gang is scattered. But they meet a few utes every night in London Bob's shanghai roost on near Dover street, to talk over their plans, and where they're going to-night at ten."

"Do you know where they live?"

"No. But I'll tell you this, young fellow: If you them at Bob's you'll find them at twelve to-night and fleet of fishing smacks over in the Erie basin, robbing it cotton boat Blue Bird from Galveston. It's going to be a big haul, too, I can tell you."

Harry nodded, and smiled.

Then he said:

"I'll have a try for them. And now, if you'll behave shall go quietly to the nearest police station and I'll have you committed. If you are going to make a fuss I'll put you up the wagon."

"Don't get the wagon. I'll go along quietly."

"Very well. Come along."

And they left the house and walked quietly down the street.

Harry then asked his prisoner:

"Where did you see the doctor last?"

"On the Bowery to-day," replied Bill.

"Was that where he asked you to come here for news?"

"Yes. As soon as he finished speaking he left me."

"To go where?"

"I don't know."

"Then how were you going to report to him?"

"At London Bob's to-night."

"Oh—I see."

They soon reached the station-house, and Bill was taken to jail. Harry then went home and met his partner to whom he told what occurred.

Old King Brady was radiant with joy.

"You've struck the keynote to the situation!" he cried.

"We must go to the rendezvous to-night, Old King Brady."

"Of course. And we'll have them cornered."

"Going to get any help?"

"No. We can manage this job alone."

Harry remained at home all day and toward night he and his partner made preparations for their trip to the sailor slums.

They disguised themselves in the natty costumes of naval officers, and put on false wigs and whiskers to change their identity.

Cosmetics changed the expression of their faces, thrusting pistols in their pockets, they finally sallied out.

It was a storm-threatening night, and they hastened their way down to the neighborhood of the Bridge and quickly found the ill-savored saloon run by London Bob.



as the clocks were striking ten, they entered the

## CHAPTER XVI.

### EXPOSING THE DOCTOR.

don Bob's place was a cheap boarding house for sail-  
with a dingy little groggery underneath, dimly lit, foul  
l, and filled with men.

st of them were sailors and longshoremen.

heavily all were smoking rank cigars and ranker pipes,  
r was redolent of rum and tobacco to a sickening

men at the tables and bar glanced casually at the  
med detectives and took them for a couple of naval  
s.

King Brady gave no heed to anyone.

olling up to the bar, he said to Harry:

leave ahead thar, yer leetle lubber, an' git yer booze."  
or' bless yer," Harry replied gruffly, "I've been a  
' ther main brace till I'm three sheets in ther wind  
messmate, an' blow me if I kin stow away much  
n a thimbleful o' ther blamed grog."

ou be hanged fer a third-rate hoister," chuckled Old  
Brady. "I have shipped a cargo so big as I'm nigh  
allasted. Yet, blow me if thar's a raffle in my sails

hich shows as you're a tank!" retorted Harry. "Least-  
thar ain't a mother's son present as could stan' up  
you fer boostin'. Gimme some Santy Cruz rum,  
p, an' chuck a dash o' bitters in it."

the boy spoke he cast a careless glance over the habi-  
t of the place, and suddenly caught view of a face over  
rner that sent a sudden thrill through his nerves.  
as the doctor!

sat alone at a table, with an old plug hat on his head,  
he collar of his coat turned up, there was an old clay  
between his teeth, and a good five fingers of whiskey  
the glass in fron of him.

was eyeing the Bradys narrowly.

en Harry observed this, he strode over to the old ras-  
d pointing a finger at him, he said rather huskily:  
ay, ole stick-in-the-mud, have a ball?"

frown of annoyance crossed the doctor's face and he  
d at his white beard, glared at the boy rather angrily,  
etorted:

on't get so familiar with strangers, sonny."

inder high-toned, ain't yer, ole rattle-bones?" sneered  
y aggravatingly.

e doctor's temper arose.

ay!" he exclaimed. "Don't you dare talk like that  
!"

aal, blast my buttons if ther ole scarecrow ain't gettin'

"You shut up, and get away from here. I didn't ask  
you to speak to me."

"Oh, stow ther jawin' tackle, yer ole lobster; wot's bitin'  
yer?"

"I'll give you a crack in the jaw, if you don't leave me  
alone."

Harry roared with laughter.

Pointing derisively at the doctor, he cried boisterously:

"I don't reckon, yer yaller faced fossil!"

Up jumped the doctor, boiling with rage and shaking  
his fist.

"Are you going to stop your insulting remarks?" he  
demanded sternly.

"Not while thars no one else ter guy. Say—how much  
fer ther loose chewin'?" said Harry, and he suddenly  
grabbed the doctor by the whiskers.

Hopper bellowed like an infuriated bull.

Springing forward he aimed a blow at Harry with his  
fist, shouting:

"Now take that for your impudence!"

But Harry saw the blow coming and dodged back.

He did not relinquish his grip on the doctor's whiskers  
with his left hand, but he swung around the right and  
knocked the old fellow's plug hat off.

Then a singular thing happened.

The doctor's white hair and whiskers parted from his  
head.

As they remained in Harry's hand, he saw that they were  
false.

"He's disguised!" flashed through the boy's mind.

Then he shot a glance at the doctor.

Such a wonderful change he saw in Hopper's features  
that he could not suppress a cry of astonishment.

Instead of the kindly features of the doctor, he saw be-  
fore him the diabolical face of Captain Rackstraw's mur-  
derer.

There was the long nose, hatchet face, deep, sunken eyes,  
mustache and imperial of the sardonic individual who  
caused all the trouble.

The wig and false beard had hidden them.

In a word, Doctor Hopper and Mr. Vance, the river  
pirate, were one and the same person, living under two  
characters!

Old King Brady saw the expose.

He ripped out a violent exclamation, and sprang forward  
muttering:

"He's a fraud—a two-faced villain!"

Harry quickly recovered from his astonishment and  
shouted:

"Look at that face!"

The doctor recoiled, very much startled.

"Blast you!" he yelled madly, "what do you mean by  
doing that?"

Harry laughed and flung the false hair on the floor.

"You're a nice old humbug!" he exclaimed. "Don't you  
know me?"

As he spoke, he swiftly drew off his own disguise.



The doctor turned pale as he recognized the boy, and recoiled gasping:

"It's Young King Brady!"

"And you," cried the boy, "are Jim Rackstraw's murderer. You are the villain who stole that metal box in your possession. Now I understand why you affiliated with the river thieves at the old mill on the marsh. And Isaac Hopper, you have run your course. Surrender!"

He aimed his pistol at the cowering wretch.

The doctor was crouching back against the wall, every nerve in his face convulsively twitching, his long fingers working with a nervous movement, and his face drawn and set.

A wild light beamed in his deep-set eyes, and his long yellow teeth were bared, while from his parted lips his breath came and went stentoriously.

The man was in an awful condition.

He realized that he was thoroughly exposed—that his crime was fixed upon him, and that his life was in danger.

Prison, and then the execution chair, stared him in the face.

"I curse you," he hissed furiously and bitterly. "You've found me out. But you haven't got me behind the bars yet."

"An easy matter!" exclaimed Harry.

"No! A difficult matter for you!"

"If you resist arrest I'll have to kill you."

A low, maniacal chuckle escaped the old rascal's lips, for his restless glance had fallen upon the five of his pals.

They were silently looking on and drawing nearer the pair, with their hands clutching the hilts of their concealed weapons.

In these men Hopper saw his salvation.

All his panic fled.

He gave a signal whistle.

Everyone of the gang rushed forward.

But Old King Brady had been watching the proceedings, too, and at one bound he was by his partner's side.

His pistol came from his pocket.

As his cold glance fell upon the doctor's pals, and the weapon at the crowd, they heard him say:

"Just stop where you are!"

Instinctively they recognized his identity.

With a feeling of dread they paused and one of them gasped:

"He must be Old King Brady."

The rest whispered.

Capture was before them, and only a bold dash could save the gang.

To protect himself the doctor cried:

"Fight them back!"

"Advance a step and you'll get shot!" determinedly cried the old detective.

But they were in no mood to parley.

As a man they dashed at the two detectives.

Bang!

Bang!

Each pistol was discharged.

A man fell for each bullet and lay writhing on the floor, but the rest kept on, and the Bradys were savagely.

A huge stone cuspidor struck Old King Brady back of the head, and with a groan he sank senseless on the floor.

"Harry!" he groaned.

But he could say no more.

The boy was attacked by four men.

First they knocked the pistol out of his hand.

Then while two of them held him, the other pair and punched him and would have given him a beating had not the sailors in the barroom recovered their surprise and rushed toward them.

Seeing their danger the doctor yelled:

"Run!"

Releasing Harry, they dashed out the door.

Young King Brady saw that his partner was knocked senseless, and therefore did not worry about him.

He picked up his revolver.

Dashing out the door in pursuit of the gang, he saw sailors to revive Old King Brady and secure the wounded men.

In the street the thieves had separated and were away in different directions.

Singling out the flying doctor, Harry rushed after him and discharged several shots from his revolver at the fugitive.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### RECOVERY OF THE DIAMONDS.

Harry saw that the fugitive was heading down the street toward the East River. The shots fired by him failed to touch him, as the young detective had no chance to take accurate aim.

A policeman dashed around the corner.

"Hey! Stop that firing!" he yelled at the boy.

"Stop that man!" shouted the boy.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm a detective."

"Ah!"

That was explanation enough.

Harry must have a good reason for firing, he argued.

The doctor reached the policeman, and the latter held his club to hit the fugitive, when Hopper paused.

In his hand was a pistol.

Taking deliberate aim at the officer, he fired.

It was a cowardly shot, sent without warning.

The ball pierced the officer's body and he fell.

Glancing back at Harry, the doctor turned his back toward the boy.

Then he fired another shot.

As the bullet came humming by his head, Young King Brady smiled grimly, and muttered softly:



"He's a pretty fair shot! I'll see if I can do better." He took careful aim at the fugitive, pulled the trigger, and a wild howl of agony pealed from Hopper's lips. The ball had taken effect in his shoulder.

Aware of the danger of remaining there any longer exposing himself to the fire of the dead shot detective, Hopper suddenly wheeled around, and started off on a run in.

Harry ran after him.

He reached a dock at the foot of the street and ran out on it.

For a few moments Harry was under the impression that he had the man badly cornered.

But he soon learned his error.

Reaching the string piece, the doctor glanced back at his pursuer, and then dove down into the dark river.

But on the dock ran Harry.

When he reached the end, and peered over at the swift water, he failed to see any sign of the man, and muttered to himself:

"I wonder if he drowned himself?"

He waited and watched for quarter of an hour.

At the end of that time he turned away, as absolutely nothing was seen of the desperate man.

Harry was convinced that he had deliberately committed suicide.

Returning to London Bob's, he went in.

Old King Brady had recovered his senses, and was feeling a big lump on the back of his head.

"If it wasn't for the wig I wore, my skull would have been fractured," he was saying to one of the sailors.

"Here's your friend."

Harry glanced anxiously at his partner, then observed two thieves lying side by side on the floor handcuffed together.

"I see you are all right now, Old King Brady," said the

"Only a bump on the head."

"And the prisoners?"

"Neither seriously wounded. I've harnessed them together."

Well, the doctor jumped into the river and gave me a slip. He may have swam, but there's a powerful tide running, which makes me think he may have been drowned."

"I hope not, for the executioner wants him badly for his next victim," said the old detective.

"The rest of the gang went in different directions," continued Young King Brady, "so it was not possible to follow them."

"If Hopper escaped from the river, we may find him at the Basin two hours hence," said the old detective, significantly.

"What do your prisoners know?"

"I haven't questioned them yet."

"See what you can do with them."

Old King Brady approached the groaning pair, and they began to swear at him roundly for having shot them.

"You were lucky to escape with your lives," he assured them.

"We wouldn't be in this fix, only for you," one of the pair grumbled.

"Certainly not. Ten years in Sing Sing will be the verdict, I'm sure."

The men shuddered, for criminals have a greater dread of prison than honest men, as they have had experience with such places.

"Can we buy you off?" demanded one of them, anxiously.

"Perhaps. But my price is very steep."

"Let's have the figure, and we will see if we can meet it."

"The diamonds Hopper stole from the Sally McCoy."

"What! All of them?"

"Every stone."

"But they are worth half a million."

"I don't care about the value."

The man looked at his pal and hesitated.

"Shall we do it, Dan?" he asked.

"No!" growled the other, defiantly. "We've hooked them from Hopper, and he don't know it. We've got 'em safely hidden, and when we serve our time we can go and get 'em, an' live in luxury the rest of our lives."

"But by giving them up we needn't go to jail."

"The copper is bluffing you. Don't you believe him, when he gets his paws on the stones he'll run you in anyway."

Old King Brady frowned at the speaker, and said severely:

"You shut up! If you don't want to join your pal, you can't get him to go to prison with you."

"That's so," said the man who was yielding. "Are you honest?"

"Strictly on the level. But of course I'll pull you in if I ever catch you doing any more crooked work, you understand."

"That's agreeable. I'll confess."

"Don't you do it!" yelled the other, furiously.

"I shall. I'm going to look out for myself."

"Take care then, when I get out. I'll have revenge."

"Oh, I ain't afraid of you. Brady, let me go."

The old detective detached him from his companion and asked:

"Where have you hidden the gems?"

"Come with me, and I'll show you."

"Harry, lock the other man up!"

"All right," replied the boy. "Where'll I meet you in an hour?"

"Near the barge office, down at the Battery."

The boy rang up a patrol wagon and went away with his prisoner, and Old King Brady walked out with the other man.

The thief was suffering from a flesh wound through his thigh, but it did not interfere much with his walking.

He led the old detective to Doctor Hopper's house, and said:

"The big nigger has gone. The doctor was here and fired him out, locked up the place, and hid the diamonds in



a secret panel in the wall of his bedroom. My pal and I had followed him. We got in unseen, and saw what he did with the stones. When he went down to London Bob's, we took the package of diamonds from the little cupboard, carried them down the cellar, dug a hole in the floor and buried them under the coal. Hopper had a right to divide those gems with the gang, but we saw he was going to cheat us and keep them all for himself."

"Why did he take them out of the iron-bound box?"

"You see, when he stole them, he carried the box to the mill, and emptied the diamonds into a paper so we'd think nothing was in the box. But I got on to him without him knowing it. Then he showed us the box was empty."

"Did you see him take the box away to the city?"

"Yes. He had a human heart in it."

"Where did he get it?"

"From the corpse of a drowned man he found in the Harlem River. He was bringing the relic home to examine and dissect it."

"Oh," said Old King Brady with a nod. "I see."

The thief had a duplicate key to the front door and they went into the dark and deserted house. Old King Brady carrying his lantern.

Down in the cellar the thief dug up the package.

Handing it to Old King Brady, he asked in anxious tones:

"Can I go now?"

"Yes."

"Thank you."

And he hastily left the premises and vanished.

Old King Brady examined the contents of the package and found they were the most elegant diamonds he had ever seen.

There was very little likelihood of the owner ever claiming them and running the risk of arrest and imprisonment for smuggling.

The detective carried the parcel to Secret Service headquarters, and, leaving it there, he proceeded to the Battery.

He not only found Harry there, but he discovered that the boy had a river patrol boat waiting for him, swarming with officers.

"We are bound to catch the cotton thieves now, if they are robbing the Blue Bird in Erie Basin," said the boy.

"You bet," was Old King Brady's answer.

And when they stepped aboard, the steamboat glided out on the bay.

Old King Brady met the captain of the river police deck, and asked:

Did Harry give you the particulars?

"Yes. We are posted. For a long time the cotton have been getting robbed, and I'm glad you've found about this case. It's a big attempt, and there's a dangerous, organized band doing the stealing. They've managed to get away from us before. But if we meet to-night there will be no getting away unless they go to Heaven, or the other place."

Old King Brady took a fresh chew of tobacco and no

"Are you men all armed?" he asked.

"Thoroughly. And besides, we've got a five-pounder mounted in the bow of this boat, which will blow their fishing smacks to pieces if they make any attempt to get away."

"Our raid ought to be very successful then."

"If it isn't, we'll have no one to blame except ourselves."

The boat ran on, not a light showing on board.

In due time it reached Erie Basin.

The cotton steamer was just distinguished, and the captain cried:

"Throw the light!"

A tremendous gleam from a searchlight gushed out.

It showed the officers three fishing smacks lying in the bay, the big steamer, their sails set, ready to fly at the first sign of danger.

A big port in the side of the steamer was open.

Through this aperture a gang of masked men were unloading the big bales of cotton, and loading it on the smacks.

As some of the crew of the steamer were in the conspiracy and had drugged the officers and few men remained aboard, there was no one to disturb the thieves except the police.

That searchlight showed them their danger.

A warning cry arose, and there was a wild scramble among the boats made by a score of men, for Doctor Hopper had been obliged to hire a great many helpers in the enterprise.

"Go like fury, it's the police, boys!"

This cry came from Hopper himself as he stood on the deck of the nearest boat, and Harry realized that he was drowned in the river, but had gone to carry out his thieving design.

"Surrender!" yelled the police captain.

"Never!" replied the doctor.

"Charge on them!" the captain exclaimed.

His boat had run alongside Hopper's craft, and the officers swarmed over on the deck of the fishing smack.

They were met by a volley of pistol shots, and some of the villains attempted to get away on the other two boats.

The searchlight kept their movements revealed till and then the bow gun began to roar and hurl its shot against the escaping boats, ribboning the sails, ripping the planking, and almost wrecking them.

On deck the police and detectives were using their arms.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CONCLUSION.

The moon was hidden behind the clouds when the police boat glided over the dark waters with the armed officers aboard.



shot after shot was fired and many on both sides fell mangled.

Engling out the doctor, Old King Brady made a rush at him, and they met with a crash, and a fearful struggle ensued.

The madman fought with terrible fury.

Harry had to go to his partner's assistance.

Creaming, kicking, biting, and wildly striving to shoot Bradys, the mad doctor was a terrible opponent.

At they finally knocked him down, and, his head striking the deck planking, he was rendered senseless and was suffocated.

The fight ended with his capture.

Three of the thieves were killed and several wounded.

Among the former was the unlucky fellow who had given the diamonds. Evidently he had gone back to his gang when released, only to meet his doom.

Some of the policemen were injured, and when every one who was hurt had been attended to, the three captured thieves were towed to New York.

Here the prisoners were locked up and among them the members of Hopper's gang.

That ended the Bradys' work on the case.

It is an office to say that when all hands were tried, the thieves received long sentences. The crazy doctor was sent to an asylum, and there he ultimately perished miserably.

John Olsen was a happy man when he learned that poor John Rackstraw's foul murder had been avenged. And the merchant marine of New York and the vicinity was glad enough to get rid of the dangerous gang of river thieves who had been preying on them so long.

About the same time Hopper was captured, Mr. Hopper set fire to the old mill and burned it down, and the

secrets of its interior went down in its ashes on the top of the dreary marsh.

The package of diamonds was seized by the Custom House officials, and Samson, the big negro, never was seen again in the city.

Having finished their task, the Bradys made a full report to their chief, and he complimented them upon their success.

Other startling events had arisen in the meantime.

The Bradys soon became engaged upon other work of a kind that taxed all their strength, courage and skill.

We shall present the facts to our readers in our next number, and now regretfully bring this story of the great detectives to a finish.

### THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS ON THE RAIL; OR, A MYSTERY OF THE LIGHTNING EXPRESS," which will be the next number (91) of "Secret Service."

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